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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE OLD MUSICIAN.

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

[A few weeks ago an aged mendicant died at New Orleans. On his death-bed he stated that he had been in his day a musician; that he had occupied a distinguished place among the musicians of one of Napoleon's military bands, and that his execution had frequently attracted attention from the Great Man himself. He said much more, which was very interesting, in reference to his past life; but death interrupted his revelations. He had lived, it seems, for many years in New Orleans in great poverty and privation, with no other companion than his violin.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

Raise up my head.
Enough; I see and hear all I would wish to know.
And so they say that I must die, and call me old!
They know not what is age who call me old.
Age must be counted by the loss of fire, not years;
Not by the weariness of limb, not by the dimness of the eye.
Quick! raise up my head; give me my violin;
And stand you silent while I tear your hearts.
[*Plays.*]
There is my solo in the key of G;
The last six notes were heard by Mozart;
He declared them worthy of a crown—so think I.
And now my wordless song. [*Plays.*]
I sang this song
Before the Emperor—before Napoleon,
When in the flush of power; and he did bow to me,
And sent me from his own great hand this ring—
This diamond ring. Where is my diamond ring?
Ah me! I did forget they took my ring.
Ah! yes, they took my ring—for rent.
Well, well! it is but empty honor; none can take my song.
Now, am I old? Hear this, my symphony in F!
[*Plays.*]
This, too, before an Emperor, the Czar. He gave
Me smiles, and sent a snuff-box by an equerry;
A snuff-box blazing with a score of gems,
And on the lid a limning of his face.
Ah! 'twas a cunning box. I have it now—
In memory. I did not sell it till I wanted bread,
Not for myself alone, but for Adele.
Not know Adele? She was my pupil; in the world
Is known as— I will not call her name.

Too well you know her; she has made the cities ring
With shout and bravos. Ah! such a register
Rossini wrote— Wait; let me see—what did
Rossini write for her? She loves me, and she sang
My Opera. That was a night of nights;
When I, well hidden from the public gaze,
Would watch my pupil sing the breathings of my heart!
Yes! they found me. Ha! ha! me, the poor musician!
And then they bore me forth, and stood me on the stage
Before ten thousand eyes, and covered me with flowers.
Ay! and she kissed me—Adele kissed me—
Kissed me there before the envious crowd.
Dukes, lords, and nobles would have given wealth
And titles to have been the kissed. Where is Adele?
She knows not of me now. She thinks that I am rich,
And I—will not seek her to beg.

Here is a sonata
I composed for her. Beranger did me great honor
When he heard those bars, from thence to thence,
By asking from my pen a copy. Then he gave
To me a song, a deathless song, that I might wed
The music of its words to sound. Hark! I play.
[*Plays.*]
Now, am I old? Is my arm palsied?
Is my blood weak? Must I die? Is there no fire in me?
Oh! false prophets! raise me up quickly!
Where is my wealth and honor? Where is Adele?
Lay on my breast the star that Austria gave.
Where is the gold I won in England? Where are the plaudits
That I won in France? Where is my violin?

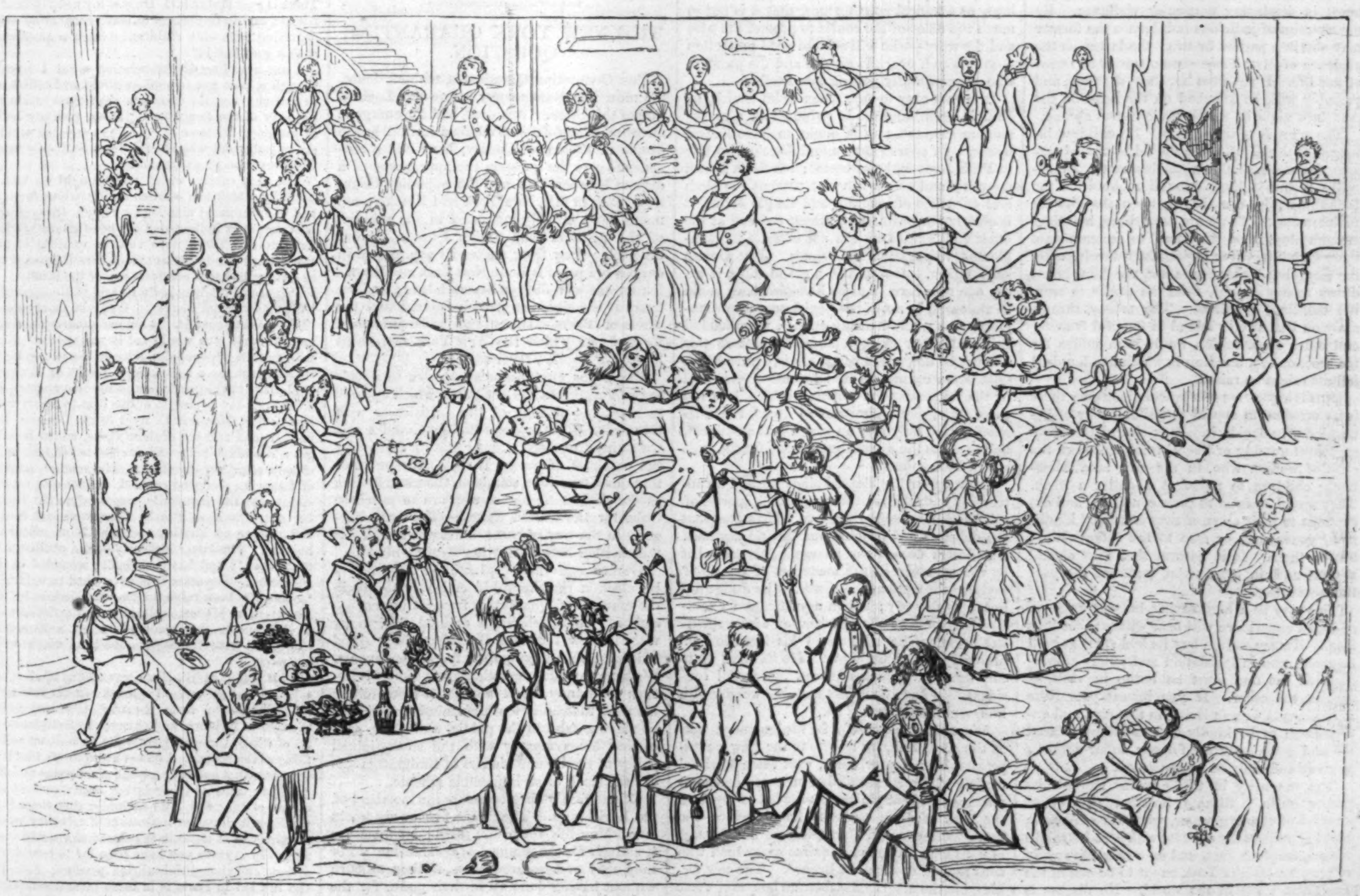
And am I blind?
Could I not tell my own loved violin before my eyes?
Hark! I will play a scena from my Opera.
[*Attempts to play.*]
Oh, vain! my hand fails in its endeavor; but
My ear deceives me not. I still know time;
Perhaps—I soon shall know eternity.

Why is it dark?
Why do I hear your sobs no longer? Is the world hushed?
Am I dead? Am I dead? Dead?

THE BALL OF THE SEASON.

IN drawing the attention of our readers to the very clever picture of a ball given below, it is only necessary to say that it was made for this journal from studies from life. Every one who has been a *habitué* of fashionable society will recognize at least some of the figures and faces.

The magnificent hostess with the turban and feather; the portly host with shoe-brush hair; the wretched performer on the horn, who *will* stick his feet into the way, and the still more miserable youth who *will* fall over them and utterly destroy the luckless young lady in pink; the dreary old man, who gets into a corner near the musicians and tries to calculate how much he will lose on cotton; the page John, who is constantly getting a dancer's fist in his eye, and falling back upon John the elder, to his fearful discomfiture; the two tabbies in the foreground, who are positively disgusted at the way in which the hostess's daughter, pert thing! is trying to catch the English lord; the sweet girls in roses and tarletan, who dance away merrily night after night, and never grow tired, and never ill-tempered; the dancing young men who know why they were asked, and, like honest fellows, earn their supper and enjoy themselves heartily too; the poor papas, one in the foreground yawning, the other in the back-ground already fast asleep and dreaming of stocks; the timid little creature who looks up so fondly at the tall young man who, having told his tale, now gravely proposes to walk through the rooms in order not to attract attention; the two greedy children who have just vanquished their nurse at the ninth round, and have executed a very brilliant flank movement against the supper; the tipsy sot who tries to take wine with a brother sot, and pours his Champagne down the back of innocent Miss Jane, who happened to be listening to a description of Gignoux's "Niagara," and believes that the torrent is on her in earnest; the sagacious party-goer, who seizes his moment and sits down calmly to a quiet plate of canvas-back, washed down with La Tour Blanche—are not they all written in our memories and in our hearts?



THE BALL OF THE SEASON.

Which of us has not spent many an evening at a ball to the settlement of his destiny? Fate, working by its inscrutable methods, makes balls the agents now of beggary, and now of fortune. Jones, who was fascinated by the lovely heiress, Adalinda, at a ball in Fifth Avenue, neglected his business to prosecute his courtship, and, in the end, lost both clients and lady. Smith, on the contrary, whose tongue and legs are above reproach, met Anna Maria at a ball and polked her into such a state of enthusiasm that she insisted on bestowing herself and her hundred thousand on her indefatigable partner. Robinson will not go to balls, deeming them immoral. Poor fellow! let us hope and trust that every instant of his precious time is so occupied that he never bestows a thought on amusements so frivolous as balls, and that when the dread hour comes in which we shall all have to render an account, it shall never be said that he devoted hours or minutes to worse employments than a healthy chat with amiable women, or a hearty dance with a light-footed partner.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

NEW YORK AS A NURSING MOTHER.

IN our last number we gave an illustration of the room occupied by one of the Alms-house nurses. The public are already aware that the daily journals drew attention to the fearful condition of the children who were intrusted to the nurse in question; and though their statements were denied with more warmth and fury than were in good taste by some of the Governors of the Alms-house, subsequent evidence has fully verified them. It is now undeniable that a large proportion of the foundlings who are left in charge of the city authorities are absolutely put to death by the nurses to whom they are confided.

We submit that the error lies not so much in the lax manner in which the regulations of the Alm-house are carried out as in the system itself. The Ten Governors tell us that they require certificates from physicians, etc., etc., before they give a child to applicants. But every one knows how easily such certificates are obtained. Every body, in this city, is ready to give to importunate applicants general certificates involving no pecuniary responsibility. Most of the dwellers in tenement houses can procure such certificates through the aid of their landlords, who are given to understand that the punctual payment of their rent depends upon the success of their applications for children to nurse. Then, as to the subsequent visits, it is quite plain that these are pure matters of form. The doctor and the visiting nurse are expected to visit persons having Alms-house children to nurse. But their visits are not unexpected. The nurses know very well when to expect them. Neither doctor nor nurse have any interest in displaying particular vigilance. By the exercise of judicious indulgence the former may obtain a patient or two; the latter, as the evidence of Mrs. Frost shows, stands in terror of her life. If she does her duty she may, and probably will, be knocked on the head on the first dark night on which she ventures abroad.

The error is in the system. No children intrusted to the Alms-house should be nursed outside the walls of that establishment. Blackwell's Island is large enough to hold all the foundlings who are thrown upon the city for maintenance. There are, we believe, buildings enough already on the island to accommodate more foundlings than legitimately devolve upon the city; but if there were not, the Alms-house draws money enough from the public to erect the buildings required. The money thrown away on Blackwell's Island in fanciful fencing, and other superfluities, would soon suffice for the erection of a building in which five hundred infants might be raised.

This is a question of a practical nature: there is no occasion to appeal to philanthropy or benevolence to decide it. It is absurd to expect sagacious nursing or liberal treatment from the class of women who, in the city, take Alms-house children to nurse at a dollar a week. They would be false to their condition, and exceptions to their class, if they exhibited kindliness, generosity, or care to the infants hired out to them. It is natural that they should neglect and, in most cases, maltreat the poor little creatures.

This may be a hard saying, but every person of broad experience will bear witness that it is true. Human nature has its bad sides as well as good; and in legislation and public administration the one must be borne in view as well as the other. If you intrust poor little foundlings to women living in this city, and expect them to be kindly and judiciously cared for and generously fed for one dollar a week, you will infallibly be disappointed.

The mortality in this city far exceeds its proper ratio. Situate between two broad streams of running water, with the sea-breeze blowing perpetually upon it; with broad, straight streets, ample sewers, and an admirable supply of pure water, New York ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world. No disease is epidemic here. Lying in the very healthiest meridian, New York is free from the lung diseases of northern, and from the fevers of southern, latitudes. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, the records of mortality show that more deaths occur in New York, in proportion to its population, than in any other city of corresponding magnitude. We ascribe the phenomenon mainly to the defective system pursued by the Alms-house Governors. The bulk of the deaths which occur here are those of infants. Cholera infantum, with its various concomitant maladies, is by far the most sweeping disease known in New York. And we believe that the bulk of the deaths which are entered in the weekly returns under this head are those of infants belonging to the city, who perish through the fault of nurses appointed and trusted by the Alms-house Governors. How long shall the city remain a convicted murderer?

THE TRUE DUTY OF POLICE AUTHORITIES.

A LAW case now pending before the courts has again attracted attention to the almost defunct subject of spiritualism. It is alleged by one of the parties to this case that crimes which we need not particularize were, to her knowledge, perpetrated under cover of spiritualism. Whether this be true or false—whether the spiritual circles were the cause, or merely a convenient occasion for the commission of the crimes in question—it would seem that, without spiritualism and without spiritual circles, opportunity might have been wanting for their perpetration.

We are therefore, for our part, irresistibly led to the conclusion that a practice which affords convenient opportunity for the commission of crime is unsound and ought to be discouraged. Our esteemed co-laborer, the LOUNGER, who, with happy art, usually blends the soundest wisdom with the most charming wit, considers that when crimes are committed or insanity occasioned by spiritualism we ought to fall foul of the criminal or the lunatic, and not of the habit or the delusion which led to or afforded an occasion for the crime or the lunacy. In this view we can not concur.

We hold that it is the duty of the laws and the magistrates to presume, as a matter of course, that a certain—and that a large—proportion of the human beings under their protection are born with weak and simple minds. There is no question but most of mankind are born with slender intellect. This is the teaching of the Bible, and experience confirms it. If we were all born shrewd, sagacious, and virtuous, there would be no need of laws, soldiers, courts, or policemen. If even we were all endowed by nature with prudence enough to see through knavery, three-fourths of the business of the courts would be at an end. But as in fact we are not all born wise or virtuous, courts, magistrates, and policemen are necessary. It follows, as a logical consequence, that it is not so much the office of the courts to protect the wise and the wary—who will seldom need protection—as to watch over the unwise and the unwary, who are constantly getting into trouble.

It is very easy to say, when John Smith, of Illinois or Minnesota, is swindled in a mock-auction shop, that John ought to have known better. Of course Brown and Jones, who live in Fifth Avenue, know better; but John Smith doesn't; and as we can not prevent the birth and existence of ignorant and simple Johns, it is clearly our business to attack the evil at the other end, and as we can not educate the simpletons, to put down the rogues. Just so with spiritualism. It would be a grand thing if every one now born or to be hereafter born could be endowed, by act of the Legislature or of Congress, with a mind strong enough to withstand this and other crazy delusions. But as this can not be done, and as experience proves that crimes are committed and insanity occasioned by the frequenting of spiritual circles, is it not the duty of the authorities to attack the mischief on the only side on which it is assailable, and to make the system answerable for the evils which it occasions?

Over a year has elapsed since we had a controversy with the most distinguished apostle of spiritualism—Judge Edmonds. We stated that the delusion had peopled our lunatic asylums. The Judge denied the charge. We proved it by the evidence of the managers of the chief asylums throughout the North. The Judge did not reply directly; but in a publication exclusively devoted to the propagation of the spiritual doctrine, he announced his intention of presently overwhelming us. He has not, up to this time, fulfilled his threat. Merciful considerations have doubtless had due weight with him, and he has spared us.

We are not ungrateful for his leniency; but, at the same time, we adhere to the view we expressed over a year since, that these spiritual circles, where weak-minded men are driven to madness, and simple women are led astray from the path of duty, ought to be placed on the same footing as gambling-houses and houses of debauch. The law requires every man who sells liquors to obtain a licence. The law forbids, but the magistrates tolerate houses of worse character, where money, character, health, and life are lost. We see no sound reason why spiritual circles should not be subject to the same penalties as these. They do far more mischief. If they were licensed, some hold might be retained upon the inmates; if they were tolerated, subject to instant suppression, in case of actual harm done, a still better control might be exercised; but to leave them free and untrammeled as they are now, is to neglect the first duty of a magistracy—namely, the protection and guardianship of the simple, the weak, and the ignorant.

AID FOR THE INDIANS.

WE are requested to draw attention to a prospectus of the "American Indian Aid Association," a body which proposes to do good to the aborigines of this continent. The purposes of the Association, as stated in the document before us, are "to obtain the recognition of the rights of the Indians as men, so that to rob or murder an Indian shall be punishable as though the crime had been committed on an American citizen;" to "set apart Indian domains;" to "withdraw troops from the Indian territory;" and "to arouse the public mind on the subject of Indian wrongs," etc. The officers of the Association are Myron H. Clark, President; Daniel F. Tiemann, John Jay, Richard Reed, Vice-presidents; George Hall, Treasurer; and Jason Orton, Secretary. The object of the Association in coming before the public is to get money to carry out its views.

In laying these statements before the readers of this journal we are bound in candor to add that we do not see how any private association can achieve the ends proposed. As to setting apart Indian domains, that is done already by Government. As to withdrawing the troops from the Indian territories, that would be impracticable, impolitic, unsafe, and absurd. As to placing the Indians on the same footing as American citizens, that—so far as the safety of life and property is concerned—is already done by the law of the land; further than this it can only be done by a reversal of the judgments of the United States Supreme Court, which the Association in question can hardly aspire to achieve.

We do not deny that the Indians of this continent have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the whites, and we should be glad to see any intelligent and practical plan for enforcing the laws against the demoralization of the red men by the sale of spirituous liquors. But, as a general rule, we have noticed that associations which proposed to aid the Indian have seldom succeeded in doing any thing beyond collecting moneys from liberal white men. We trust that this Society, which is ushered into the world under the auspices of men of the calibre of Myron H. Clark, Daniel F. Tiemann, and John Jay, may prove an exception to the rule.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE QUESTION.

THE Quarantine Question is, without doubt, the most important matter before the Legislature of this State. Accident, and the energetic measures of self-defense adopted last fall by the people of Richmond County, have had a tendency to give the question the appearance of a dispute between that and the adjoining Counties. But, in fact, New York and Brooklyn are much more directly interested in the solution of the problem than Staten Island. Every time the yellow fever makes its appearance in our bay ten persons die in New York and Brooklyn for one who dies on Staten Island; and the trade of the city is so gravely injured that the whole of Richmond County might be purchased for the sum which the New York merchants lose by one yellow fever season.

Under the circumstances we own to a feeling of surprise at the hesitation which appears to mark the dealing of the Legislature with this topic. The Governor has appointed a new Committee to negotiate with New Jersey for the purchase of Sandy Hook. We presume that this Committee stands on the same footing as the diplomatic agents who are to purchase Cuba for the United States. The only difficulty in the way of both—a mere bagatelle—is that neither New Jersey nor Spain will sell.

Governor Morgan distinctly declared before his election that he would endeavor to obtain the removal of Quarantine from its present location. This declaration secured him many votes in New York and Brooklyn which would otherwise have been polled for his opponents. We hope that his emphatic avowal of his preference for Sandy Hook was not a mere blind; we trust that he is too high-minded a man to be playing false to the public, and to be concealing his sympathy with the short-sighted policy of the Commissioners of Emigration under the cloak of an impossible scheme.

Of one fact we beg to assure the members of the Legislature. They have five or six weeks of working life yet before them; let them use it actively for the removal of Quarantine. For they may rest assured that, if they adjourn without having done all in their power for the removal, the Quarantine Hospitals on Staten Island have completed their term of servic. No patients will sleep in those hospitals thi summer, unless it be clearly evident that th removal will shortly take place. Time wil show whether this is a mere empty menace.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Prince Napoleon's Bride—Death of Count Hatzfeldt—Paris Receptions—French Heartlessness—Faux-pas in High Life—Cost of Living in the United States as compared with Paris—French fare—American dishes—Kitchen diplomacy, etc.

PARIS, *January* 27, 1859.

VOLATILE Paris seems this week to care less for the rumors of war than for the details of Prince Plon-Plon's wooing of the Sardinian Princess—"the color of her hair, and the clothes she doth wear." In some circles she is called "*La nouvelle Iphigenie;*" and it is said the King her father beat her with a stick to make her consent to this marriage—but what do they not say? and what will they not say?

There have been of late several sudden deaths in the fashionable circles of Paris; among others, that of Count Hatzfeldt, who had been long resident here, was married to a French lady, was very much liked, and is, I believe, as much regretted as there is time to regret any one here. There is nothing more striking than this carelessness about death, and the apparent unconcern as to *where* it may lead, which the continued occupation about trifles engenders in the mind of triflers such as those that surround one in Paris. The great lessons which the mortality of others should teach are turned from, not so much from want of feeling as from the constant recurrence of something to distract the attention and divert the thoughts.

The ladies have now all begun their "reception days." You well know in New York what these are; and it is amusing enough to spend an hour before dinner in listening to the conversation in those houses where resort the wits and beauties of the day. It was one of these visits yesterday which suggested to me just now these observations of the effect of the incessant pursuit of trifles even upon kind hearts and clever understandings. When I entered, the drawing-room was full of company; some who were paying the *visite d'obligation*, some who were there in the hope of meeting some other, and the rest, idlers like myself.

"Have you heard that the poor Countess de B—— is dead?" said some one. There were exclamations, in various voices,

"Why, I met her yesterday!"

"I dined with her on Saturday!"

"It is not possible!" said a third.

"Yes, she died last night of an aneurism of the heart."

"She will be greatly missed."

"She had such a good house; and such a good cook!" said another.

"Every evening one was sure to find, *chez elle*, the best company, and *well-served tea;* and there are so few houses remaining which entertain!"

"Poor Countess!" This was her epitaph. Another death, equally sudden, was related.

"It is frightful!" said the Neapolitan Prince, St. J——; "one only hears of these dismal events. There is poor Hatzfeldt! He was my most intimate friend; and to be obliged to leave *every thing*—his charming wife—his children! Such a position! such a good hotel!"

I am now literally translating what I heard, though it does not trip off as glibly in English as in French; and the speaker's next observation to the lady of the house was, "Have you any balls in prospect, Madame?" And yet any one would err in judgment who should deem St. J—— more frivolous than those around him.

The next subject which was brought up was a calamity which has befallen an illustrious family, and in an unusual manner for France, through the misconduct or indiscretion of one of its unmarried daughters. There were various versions of the story, until a lady present made herself listened to, as having had this one from one of the family:

"It seems Mademoiselle B. said to Monsieur C., 'Why do you not marry? Will you marry me?' 'No,' was the answer. 'I am not a marrying man; and if I were, you would not be my choice.' Notwithstanding this repulse, it seems the young lady, accompanied by a complaisant *femme de chambre*, paid visits to the gentleman in his own apartment, his friends say hoping to oblige him to marry her. Seeing this, Monsieur C. went to the Duchess, her mother, and told her of these visits, which he said gave him much pain, and advised her to look more closely after her daughter. The mother, instead of following this good counsel, and locking up the secret and the demoiselle, wrote off to the Duke, her son, who is an attaché at some distant court; and also to an another son, who is an officer of hussars. The latter instantly sent a challenge to Monsieur C., and has been badly wounded in the encounter. The other brother wished to fight him too, but has been refused a leave of absence by the Emperor; so Mademoiselle must rest satisfied with having one brother wounded in her unrighteous cause, and with the disgrace she has brought upon her name."

This recital ended, there was an end of all sober subjects, and all present plunged eagerly into gayer themes—the little theatres, promised balls, changes in fashions, and changes in flirtations—in all of which the men were quite as well up to the thing as the women. I do not mean to say that it is only here that one finds a want of reflection and of a just judgment of the relative importance of the events of life; but I do maintain that there is in the French character a stratum of frivolity which startles you at times in the most unexpected manner, even in those you have been led to consider as serious and thoughtful-minded persons; and that the life led in Paris is in most instances fatal, in its exclusive development of the love of pleasure and excitement, to the better impulses of head and heart. I have seen this deteriorating influence upon others; I have watched it in myself, until quite convinced that, of all residences, this is the most dangerous to the soul's health. But I am not likely to render it less attractive by thus denouncing it. Each one thinks himself strong to resist temptation, if the subject is thought about at all—and so the world goes on!

I have ceased to wonder so much at the predilection of Americans for a residence in Europe since a conversation I had lately with a lady, who told me of the enormous increase in the expense of living in the United States within a few years. I only wonder how "*les petites fortunes*," as they are called here, can manage to get on at all. It is not the expensive habits only, but the absolute prices of every thing to eat, which seem to me so exorbitant. Since I have known Paris, now some fifteen years, the prices of every thing have increased one third, until now it is dearer than London; but these are not yet up to the standard of those of New York, or—more surprising—of poor, primitive, old Newport, which it seems is now to be the high temple of fashion, folly, and extravagance! This lady, my informant, is an old Parisian like myself, and who, though now kept at home by the claims of duty, occasionally wanders back here, and cares not for the storms and dangers of the ocean way, so that she can spend six months in her old haunts and old enjoyments. It was a pleasure to hear her dilate upon the comfort of her life here.

Her satisfaction, "when counting with her cook in the morning, to find that the chicken which she had made an excellent dinner of the day before, and whose remains were then smoking on the breakfast-table before her in a delicate *blanquette*, had cost only one half of one of his race at home. The fragrant *cafe au lait* which accompanied it, the dainty loaf, and the best of butter; and, above all, the ever-welcome *Galignani's Messenger*, with its cheerful face, giving the earliest tidings from all lands and best written articles from the English and French journals—all in one convenient, well-printed little sheet." I admitted all these delights, at the same time that I ventured to suggest the charms of buckwheat and *Johnny-cakes*, stewed oysters, and even the humble fish-ball, which somehow will linger in my memory as a better thing than aught here with which to begin the morning meal. But I seem to have gathered from this lady, and from others, a melancholy idea that the old traditions in eating are dying out among you with the old cooks. The more is the pity! I hope they will last my time, and my return.

Not that I have not attempted even here to give myself some feeble imitations of what I liked in other days. I have "a griddle," if such may be called a flat piece of iron which only bakes one cake at a time, and which makes the misery of my maid of all work, Toinette, who produces, however, with due exercise of her patience and mine, very tolerable rice-cakes. The mysteries of buckwheats I have never ventured upon, as I am sure Toinette, well as she loves me, would instantly quit my service upon the hint of them. She sometimes makes me calves' head soup and plum-puddings from receipts of my grandmother, which I prefer to any inventions of her own, and which are not scorned even by the French, who sometimes honor my bachelor invitations; but Toinette's private opinion of the griddle I know from having once overheard her advice to a sister cook, who had been sent by her mistress (an American lady) to be instructed in its use.

Toinette said, "My dear" (which is what they always call one another), "let me advise you not to learn to make those tiresome things. My master is a bachelor and I indulge him now and then, but you, who are in a family, do not begin it; there would be no end to your labors."

But I have come to an end of my allotted space, and must bid adieu until another week.

———.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER TO HIS FRIENDS.

The Lounger wishes his friends to understand, and begs them to remember, that he can not return manuscripts, except they are of such length that it is not fair to presume they have been copied. The little poems, sketches, and essays that drift into his Letter-box, if they do not get into print, either in part or completely, get into the waste-paper basket. That is the disagreeable truth.

A POPULAR FALLACY ABOUT NEW HAVEN.

In early youth we are instructed by Peter Parley that New Haven is a beautiful city. Elms abound. There is a fine green, it is asserted—fine group of churches—fine college—fine faculty, and fine students—interesting houses—broad sweeps of green fields, and two picturesque rocks. Yes, the rocks come out in great force in the accounts of New Haven, one west and the other east—somewhere about one of them, the cave in which Goffe and Whalley lurked—the stern survivor appearing once more in the light of day when the Indians fell upon Deerfield, and the frightened settlers wanted a deliverer.

So, bound for New Haven, slipping along the rim of the shining Sound, the traveler muses—well-instructed in his youth, and figuring stately avenues of elms, gowned students, a green lovelier than Auburn's, and the dusky forms of regicide eld. Through the thrifty villages he flies, across the kindly fields that lean toward the glittering water—contemplating a living picture of peace, plenty, and content, awaiting the climax—expecting New Haven.

Now, will it be believed that New Haven is merely a dark hole under ground? There is, indeed, for a moment, a flattering glimpse of clustered spires, roofs, and groves across a broad, beautiful meadow-land, on which, in autumn, innumerable haycocks look like the pitched camp of affluent harvests. For a moment the eager fancy assures expectation that it shall not be disappointed—that it was no fable of the good Parley—that New Haven is worthy its fair fame.

For a moment——and then!—a chaos of backyards, out-buildings, and dilapidated walls rushes against the incredulous eye—the cheerful daylight suddenly fades—and, in a dim pit—a dark hole under ground—a mocking voice shouts, and repeats, New Haven!

The claims of truth are imperious; and the truth shall now be told.

There is, then, no such city as the New Haven of the geographies and common infatuated report. For when this voice was heard, after the Lounger had recovered from the withering disappointment, and could persuade his eyes to see, what under heaven, and under earth, did they behold? Elms—colleges—churches—greens—rocks and regicides? *Eheu! eheu!*

New Haven is a dark platform, swarming with people in winter clothing, and with invisible faces, engaged in running about with bags and bundles—in tumbling over trunks—plunging unseen hands into supposititious pockets—and planted in an attitude of staring at inferential passengers hermetically sealed under cloudy glass. New Haven is a dusky flight of wooden stairs, with a heavy balustrade, on which stairs shadowy hackmen are ascending and descending—pointing dim, ghostly whips, and crying, in confused chorus, "Any—Tont—New—Tine—Haven—Part—of—Hotel—House—City."

Elm-trees, indeed! Small boys parading, probably, with baskets, and shouting apples, gum-drops, and popped corn!

New Haven is ten minutes of noisy darkness interrupting the journey to Boston.

Is it not a curious inquiry whence arose the preposterous stories of a beautiful city—a bare-faced imposition which is still offered to a child-like community? What do you mean, respected but ridiculous Sir, by *only a station?* Why do you absurdly suggest going up stairs? What has a railroad passenger to do with stairs? *The city above!* Why, here we are, three hundred of us, with our brains and imaginations fed, from tender years, upon stories of this lovely city; we come to the very place in which some irresponsible person in the dark declares New Haven to be; it is a perfectly ridiculous statement, but nobody denies it; and somebody talks about the *city above!* Is this to be tolerated? It is no city above that we have come forth to see. There *is*, unquestionably, a New Jerusalem in that direction, but we are ticketed to New Haven, and we demand the elms, the colleges, the churches, the rocks, and the regicides.

Please, Sir, to observe, at least, an air of probability in your suggestions. You insist that this is only a station, and that by going out of this dark hole, up the ghostly stairs, we shall behold the green trees and students, and all and singular the beauties of New Haven. But have you not already said that the people are justly proud of their city, that they are thrifty, liberal, and public-spirited? And do you expect us to be so cowed in this dismal abyss as to accept any thing you choose to say? Do you suppose that, if the people are what you declare them to be, they would suffer their chief railway station to be the most disgraceful and wretched cellar in the country?

No, Sir, the thought is too frivolous! The beautiful city is a delusion. *Ohime!* New Haven is a dark hole under ground.

NON SEQUITURS.

There is a story in the papers that a young lady of Ipswich has been sent to the Worcester Insane Asylum a raving maniac, and that her insanity was produced by attending revival meetings.

There is a kind of popular logic which would instantly conclude that therefore revivals produced insanity, just as we frequently see a solemn warning against what is called "Spiritualism," based upon the fact that somebody who believes in it has become insane. Undoubtedly an ill-balanced mind may be overthrown by any excess of emotion produced by the most simple and natural occasion in the world. There are people who are made insane by the death of dear friends; but it would be rather an absurd generalization to say that the death of children produced insanity in the parents. If you went to France, and the first man you met upon the pier was using a red cotton pocket handkerchief, it would be easy, but rather ridiculous, to infer that the French are addicted to the use of red cotton handkerchiefs.

That a man loses his wits at a revival or a "spiritualistic" meeting is not an argument against revivals and spiritualistic meetings so much as against his wits. To make it an argument, you have to show that the general and necessary tendency of revivals or other meetings is to insanity.

There used to be an occasional statement in a certain newspaper of a certain town, that the boat of a party of naughty boys sailing in the bay on a summer Sunday afternoon had been struck by a gust and capsized, and the naughty boys were lost. *Moral:* Boys who go sailing on Sundays will be drowned.

But in the same town it happened that a minister looking out of the window of an unfinished house, lost his balance, fell, and broke his neck. Thereupon another newspaper announced: "On Tuesday afternoon the Reverend James Jones was standing in the unfinished building No. 210 Water Street, and looking from the window, unfortunately lost his balance and fell to the ground, breaking his neck by the fall. This melancholy casualty should serve as a warning to clergymen not to look out of windows of unfinished buildings on Tuesday afternoons."

"HOUSE TO LET" AT HOME.

It is fortunate that we live in a day when there are no Pharisees grateful that they are not like certain Publicans, or it might be suspected that there were probably people in the amiable city of New York who read the *Household Words'* story of "A House to Let" (*Harper's Weekly*, extra), and wondered why people would write such unlikely stories as that of a child pinched and stunted by rascals of any sex, salaried by others; or who were glad to think that even if such things were possible in a Sodom like London, they were only horrible dreams in an Auburn like New York, that loveliest village of the plain.

And yet, the other day, it all came out that a more frightful crime of the kind was going on here within a stone's toss, almost, of the readers of the story. Three children, hired out to be taken care of, were being starved to death in darkness and filth. There is, happily, some doubt of the entire truth of the story; but if true, it is simply the most shocking exposure of the year in the disgusting annals of the city.

The system under which such crimes are possible is barbarous. This business of "hiring out" paupers and lunatics to the lowest bidder is a premium offered upon inhumanity. The records of the results are too painful to read, and any thing at all resembling the system should be unknown in a civilized community, not to say a *Christian* city (*vide* the Police reports).

Of course, any body who contracts to "keep" a pauper or a lunatic for twelve or fifteen dollars a year deliberately undertakes an operation from which he means to make money. Do you think he is going to spend fifteen dollars and a quarter? Do you suppose he is not going to pay himself for his trouble out of the fifteen dollars? It would be more humane—it would be better for the general morality, that persons who offend the peace and dignity of the state by losing their money or their wits should be at once dispatched out of the way. For how does the moral sense of a state suffer most—by killing madmen, or by suffering the people to live who contract to "keep" them?

The care of the poor and the insane is too solemn a charge upon every community to be criminally shirked. The question with every thoughtful and humane man will be, not what is the lowest sum for which any brute will agree to save us the trouble, but what is the sum for which we, by our own officers, in our own institutions, by our own regulations, can decently care for them while living, and bury them when dead?

We are, of course, a Christian people, and New York is peculiarly a Christian city; but it almost seems, sometimes, as if a way might be contrived, by sufficient ingenuity, in which we might even be a little more Christian.

Perhaps Mr. Spurgeon will show us how.

THE MONEY VALUE OF LIFE.

There is sometimes a terrible railroad massacre; but upon the whole, when we remember how incessantly thousands of people are traveling in this country by day and night, the loss of life is very slight. Nor, when we remember how this country plunged into railroad enterprises when they were started, can we help feeling that, on the steam steeple-chase across the country, which every passage practically was, we have all been singularly preserved.

Yet the exposure, then and now, is the very reason why the railroad companies should be held to the heaviest damages in all cases of accident. Passengers have felt safe upon the New Haven Railroad since the Norwalk disaster, because the pecuniary damages allowed were so large that the Company found a few accidents would eat up the whole of the profit. Corporations have pockets, if they have no souls.

There is now pending a case in Boston which solaces the heart of the railway traveler. A certain Mr. Shaw was done to death upon the Worcester Railroad, and his widow sued the Company. A verdict was rendered in her favor of some $17,000. Thereupon a new trial. This time a verdict of $20,000. Thereupon another new trial. This time a verdict of $22,000, and now a motion for a third new trial. By all means let it be granted, and the suit proceed from trial to trial until the damages reach $50,000. Then let that be understood as the minimum sum which every railroad company must pay for every life lost; and the number, already, as we cheerfully admit, small, will become beautifully less.

As the means of travel increase in point of facility and speed, so ought the safety. Mechanical improvement of every kind is very imperfect and unsatisfactory if it increases the comparative loss of life.

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

There seems to be no doubt that the famous Mr. Spurgeon is coming to this country, and that the May Anniversaries will be illuminated by the eloquence of the Englishman who has achieved a greater oratorical popularity than any English clergyman since Whitefield.

It is not possible to foretell the impression which the noted young preacher will produce. There is no doubt that his meetings will be thronged—for we Americans like to go to meeting—but he will be tried by very severe standards. The American people are gifted with the gab. Fine orators, both in the pulpit and out, are not uncommon; and Mr. Spurgeon must be a very eloquent man indeed to supersede in popular estimation many of our own speakers.

There is nothing in his published sermons, nor in the accounts of his preaching, which indicates remarkable talent. There are no striking thoughts, no rare and fine touches of feeling or fancy, no play of imagination—nothing but a highly colored religious rhetoric. He addresses habitually a vast crowd of people of a lower average education and intelligence than any corresponding crowd of Americans, and a people, also, little accustomed to hear eloquence in the pulpit. They are apparently profoundly excited by the performance; but it is impossible to trace in the reports of it any thing of the kindling and elevating eloquence of George Whitefield, the fiery candor of John Wesley, or the sweet persuasion of Charles.

We are glad that Mr. Spurgeon does not come to us upon a speculation. When the Church ceases to command, and appeals to the love of the drama implanted in the human soul, it has certainly abdicated its mission. It is a pity that a crowd should follow a preacher, as it does an actor, for the sake of emotional excitement. There is nothing more fatal than religious dissipation, for it saps and wastes the very springs of noble character.

Of course we do not mean that rich, vigorous, picturesque, and stirring preaching is necessarily dissipation; nor that dry and dull didactics are necessarily solemn and religious. When Whitefield called upon the angel to stay, nor fly while there was yet one unrepentant sinner, the effect was probably thrilling. But it is only genius that can do such things.

Let us therefore hope that Mr. Spurgeon has genius.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

☞ Mr. W. Van de V., B., who writes to the Lounger and the Editor in reference to some drawings forwarded by him, will obtain the information he desires by addressing a note to the Editor, mentioning the State in which he lives. People who live in towns with such names as Beverley should be aware that it is impossible for their correspondents to divine the State in which their particular Beverley is situate.

———

—Hugger-Mugger, Jun., in St. Albans, Vermont, and Belle Evans, in Louisville, Kentucky, are both indignant with the Lounger's correspondent Traveller, who a few weeks since protested against hugging in public. Hugger-Mugger, Jun., declares that he was once in the same car with Traveller, who preserved his "privacy" by going to sleep, opening his mouth wide, and snoring, and H. Jun. contends that it is much more agreeable to see a pretty plump hand, and "to hear singing, talking, or even scolding, than that detestable snore." That is a matter of taste. Certainly it is not very pleasant to listen to snoring. Let Traveller defend himself as well as he can. If he prefers to hear snoring—very well. But what has he to say about snoring himself?

H. Jun. proceeds:

> "Should 'Traveller' ever make a long journey, with a wife, or even a lady friend, the probability is (unless he is wholly destitute of feeling) that about the time they were making the sixth hundred miles, he would permit her to rest her weary head wherever she saw proper to place it, and at the same time would endeavor to make the place as comfortable as possible.
>
> "After riding many hours without rest or sleep, people are not usually very punctilious in regard to observing the rules of drawing-room etiquette.
>
> "And now, Mr. Lounger, don't you think it would be a good idea for 'Traveller,' next time he descants upon 'minor morals,' not to admit his own selfishness at the beginning?
>
> "And when he again places his 'eye' at your service, won't you remind him of an old saying about a *mote* and a *beam?*
>
> "Should he be inclined to talk about 'Hogs,' advise him—in a friendly way—to feel for *bristles* around his own ears."

Let Traveller attend to himself. But the Lounger may say in reply to the plea about the "sixth hundred miles," that Traveller expressly implied that the lady was *not* sleepy; and, as the French say, there are ways and ways. A woman may lean her head upon a gentleman's shoulder in a car without the slightest offense, and she may do it so that every body is attracted as to a spectacle that should rather be avoided.

Belle Evans declares that it is all envy upon the part of Traveller; that he is a dry old bachelor who "never had a good hug in his life." If she only knew him she declares she would travel in every train with him, "and wouldn't I—?" She does not say what.

———

—Lucie, Manlius, New York, asks the following very sensible questions, to which answers are solicited from the romantic:

> "Do 'white-washed cottages' ever really have a 'woodbine-covered porch?' What species of plant is the woodbine? I take it to be a vine. Papa says, vines suffered to grow near a house rot the timbers, besides being not neat in many respects. He will not allow me to have one.
>
> "Why is it that the conventional bachelor is always minus his shirt-buttons? Among the gentlemen of my acquaintance it is the *married* men whose buttons are generally missing (for which they are continually scolding their poor wives), while the 'bachelor buttons' appear to be kept in perfect order—I suppose because they *hire* it done.
>
> "Do the little girls in stories always put up their hair in curl-papers preparatory to going out to chase butterflies? I have yet to read of a single straight-haired child manifesting a proclivity for that romantic amusement."

———

—Caro[illegible]l, Pleasant Corner, parodies Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels" with a poem upon "The Evening-spending Bore."

"There is no little evil,
By a young wife dreaded more,
Than that prince of all stupidity,
The evening-spending bore."

———

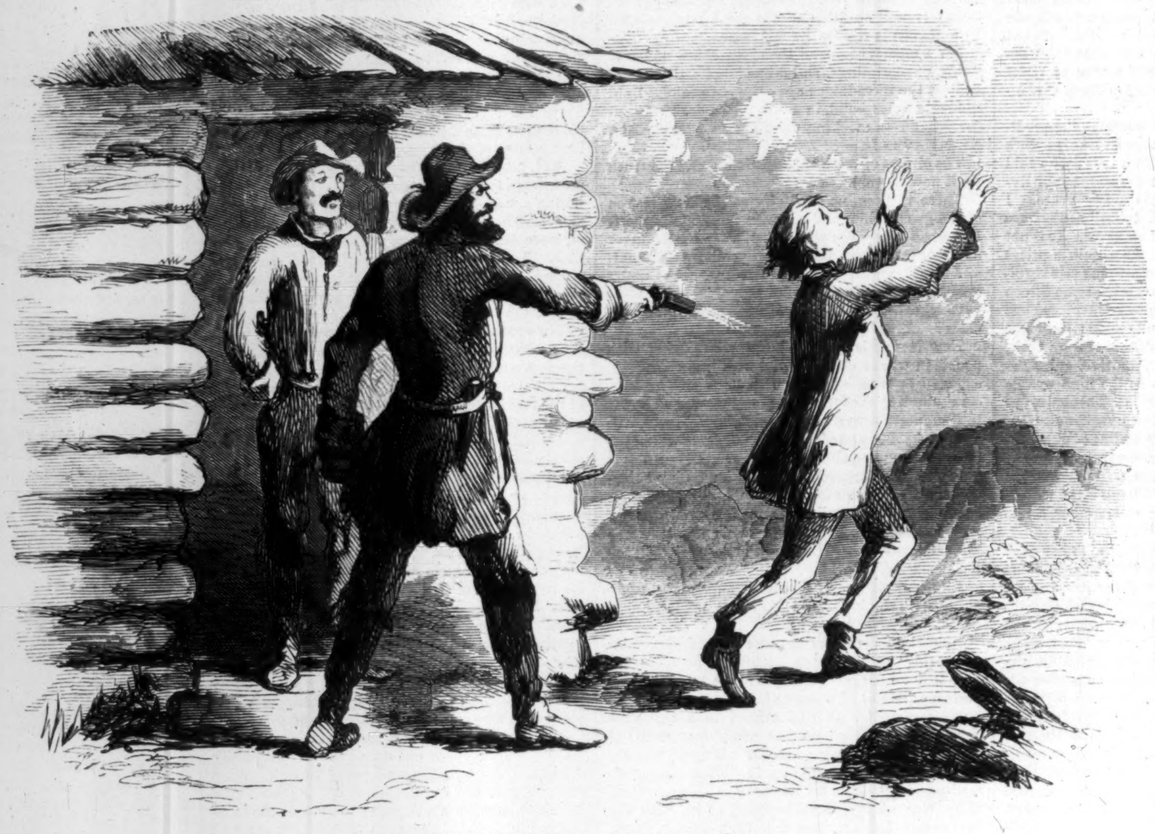
—C. A. P., New Orleans, writes to the Lounger:

> "I have often been very much shocked by the manner in which some people kiss each other; that is, in giving one of those unearthly smacks that sound like the explosion of a Paixhan gun or something similar.
>
> "I would press my lips on hers
> As deftly as the humming-bird
> Thrusts his bill into the opening flower,
> And with one long, noiseless breath
> I'd breathe the incense of her heart."

C. A. P. should do just right. A kiss, like the first he describes, which goes off with a smack, with a report, is probably the act of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

THE MURDER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY IN UTAH.



CHRISTIANSEN SHOOTS THE DUMB BOY.

WE give herewith a couple of illustrations of a scene which, though a matter of history, will seem incredible to persons unacquainted with passing events in Utah.

One of the most objectionable features in the Mormon theocracy is the right which it arrogates to itself to shed blood upon ecclesiastical pretexts. Brigham Young preaches in one of his sermons, as published in the Deseret *News*, as follows: "I do know that there are sins committed of such a nature that if the people did understand the doctrine of Salvation they would tremble because of their situation; and, furthermore, I know that there are transgressors, who, if they knew themselves, and the only condition upon which they can obtain forgiveness, would *beg of their brethren to shed their blood*, that the smoke thereof might ascend to God as an offering to appease the wrath that is kindled against them, and that the law might have its course."

President Grant, in a sermon published in the same paper, remarks: "There are men and women among us that I would advise to go to the President immediately and ask him to appoint a *Committee* to attend to their case, and then let a place be selected, and let that committee shed their blood."

A terrible instance of this fanaticism has occurred quite recently, which will greatly enlighten our readers as regards the frequent atrocities of this anomalous sect. A poor deaf and dumb boy, who was known to be a witness in a case of "Danite" assassination, which would certainly have commanded the attention of the Federal Court, has, for some time past, been the subject of general anxiety among those who expected to see the laws faithfully executed. Some time ago, one of the most respectable merchants in the Territory proclaimed in Camp Floyd that the boy would, very likely, fall a victim to the Danites. Such insolent hardihood, in the face of an organized Federal Court, supported by a formidable *posse comitatus*, could scarcely be credited. The prediction, however, has already been verified.

"Dummy," as the boy was called, was the son of a poor Mormon widow. He was simple almost to idiocy. His poverty and misfortunes had enlisted the sympathies of the whole Gentile community, who delighted in giving him alms. When the contemplated assassination was whispered abroad the interest in his behalf became universal. But all at once the poor mendicant was missing from the streets. "Where has Dummy gone? where has Dummy gone?" was the query on every side. The Mormon answer was, that he had gone into the country to work. A month or more elapsed, and the poor widow became solicitous about her son.

It is well known that the maternal attachment is always strongest toward those children who are most unfortunate. Such seems especially to have been the case with Mrs. Bernard. Long since left alone in the world with only her deaf and dumb child, she had beguiled a sad widow's life in his nourishment and instruction. She could communicate intelligibly with him by signs, and, to a certain extent (notwithstanding his simplicity), could awaken within him a sense of right and wrong. As it too often happens, however, in such cases, her indulgence was greater than her prudence. Supposing the poor mute could not possibly excite the apprehensions of the Prophet, she either wittingly or unwittingly permitted him to mingle with the Gentiles. This, in accordance with the Danite code, requires that his blood should be spilled as *incense* to God.

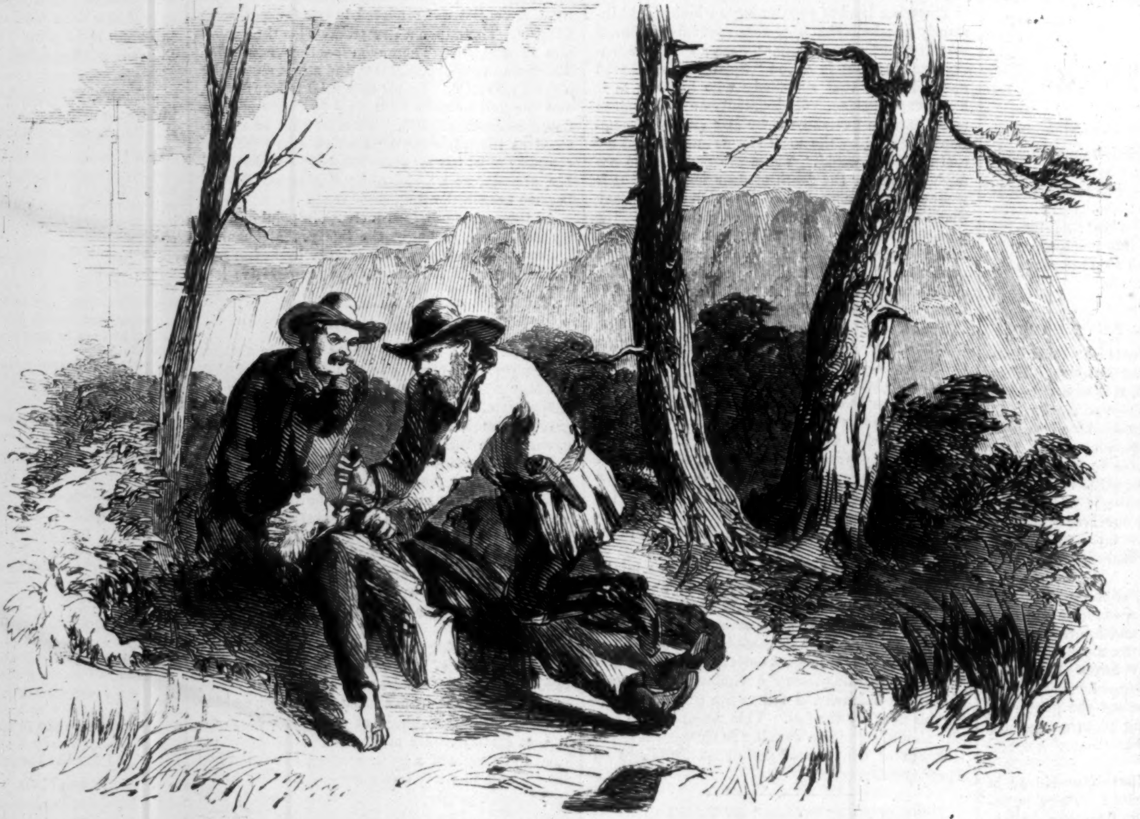
But who could be found so fiendish as to accomplish so foul a deed? The quotation above, from Grant's sermon, answers the question. A "committee," consisting of Christiansen and Eph Hanks, are appointed. The sequel will show that they perpetrated a murder which, for fanaticism, barbarity, and utter contempt for law, has no parallel in the civilized world. In obedience to the *ecclesiastical dictum*, Christiansen (armed with a revolver and bowie-knife) set forth on his mission of death on the 12th of November. On the same day he arrived at Eph Hanks's shanty.

His pretext for accosting Dummy was that he has stolen money. Dummy, not being able to comprehend him, produced eleven dollars in dimes and half dimes, which he had received as charity. This is not enough: Christiansen draws his revolver and threatens to shoot him. The terrified mute flies. The assassin fires four shots at him, three taking effect.

The bleeding body was then thrown on a load of wood and conveyed to an obscure cañon, where the work of death was completed by cutting his throat from ear to ear, Eph Hanks assisting by holding the head.

A hole was dug, the body thrown in and covered with earth, but nothing was said about it for several weeks. The poor widow suspecting something wrong, consulted the Prophet. He at once acknowledged the murder, but assured her it was necessary for his salvation that his blood should be offered up as an atonement to God.

The Federal authorities heard of the matter, and endeavored to bring the fiend to justice; but with a Mormon Grand Jury, sworn by the most fearful oaths to sustain Brigham, no true bill was found. Christiansen is released, and frequently over his cups facetiously boasts that Dummy was the hardest fellow to kill he ever tried. It took a whole day to do it.



THE CONSUMMATION OF THE MURDER.

MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY.

THE erection of the two galleries of Messrs. Aspinwall and Belmont, in our city, is an event not to be passed by in the history of the day. These and other events bring more forcibly than ever to our minds the resemblance between our own city and its inhabitants and the great mercantile cities of Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and show us that, however progressive the world is, the human mind remains the same; and how, under similar circumstances, though in different times and positions, the same mental energy that produces wealth is carried forward to the higher and nobler object—the cultivation of the intellectual in Art and Science.

Thus, as the foremost merchants of Florence, Venice, and Genoa became the greatest patrons of the arts in their day, so now we see many of the first men of our day following in their footprints. This is a wise provision of Providence. We, the public, can not but feel just pride in the mental power and indomitable perseverance which have produced our canals and railways, spanned the Isthmus of Panama, opened Japan, and carried our merchant flag to every part of the world; and we can not but feel pleasure in seeing the wealth thus obtained equally well applied in objects of beneficence and in the cultivation of the arts, which must always have the effect of raising the social standard of any nation.

The Gallery which our engravings illustrate is an addition built to the house of the proprietor. In the exterior the architect, Mr. Renwick, has preserved the general features of the architecture of the main building. The Gallery is entered by a fine arched gateway on Tenth Street. Passing through this, the visitor arrives at a door on his left leading to a marble vestibule, which opens into a corridor in the rear of the galleries, and from which they are entered. This corridor, which is nine feet wide and thirty-four feet long, is lighted by sky-lights, and in it are many fine works of Art, among which we may mention, as worthy of particular observation, The Portrait of Washington, by Stuart; The Portrait of Lafayette, by Ary Schaffer; A Portrait, by Woodville; Two Dutch Burgomasters, by the celebrated Vander Helst; and a Judith, by Farini, surnamed the Guido of the Florentine School.

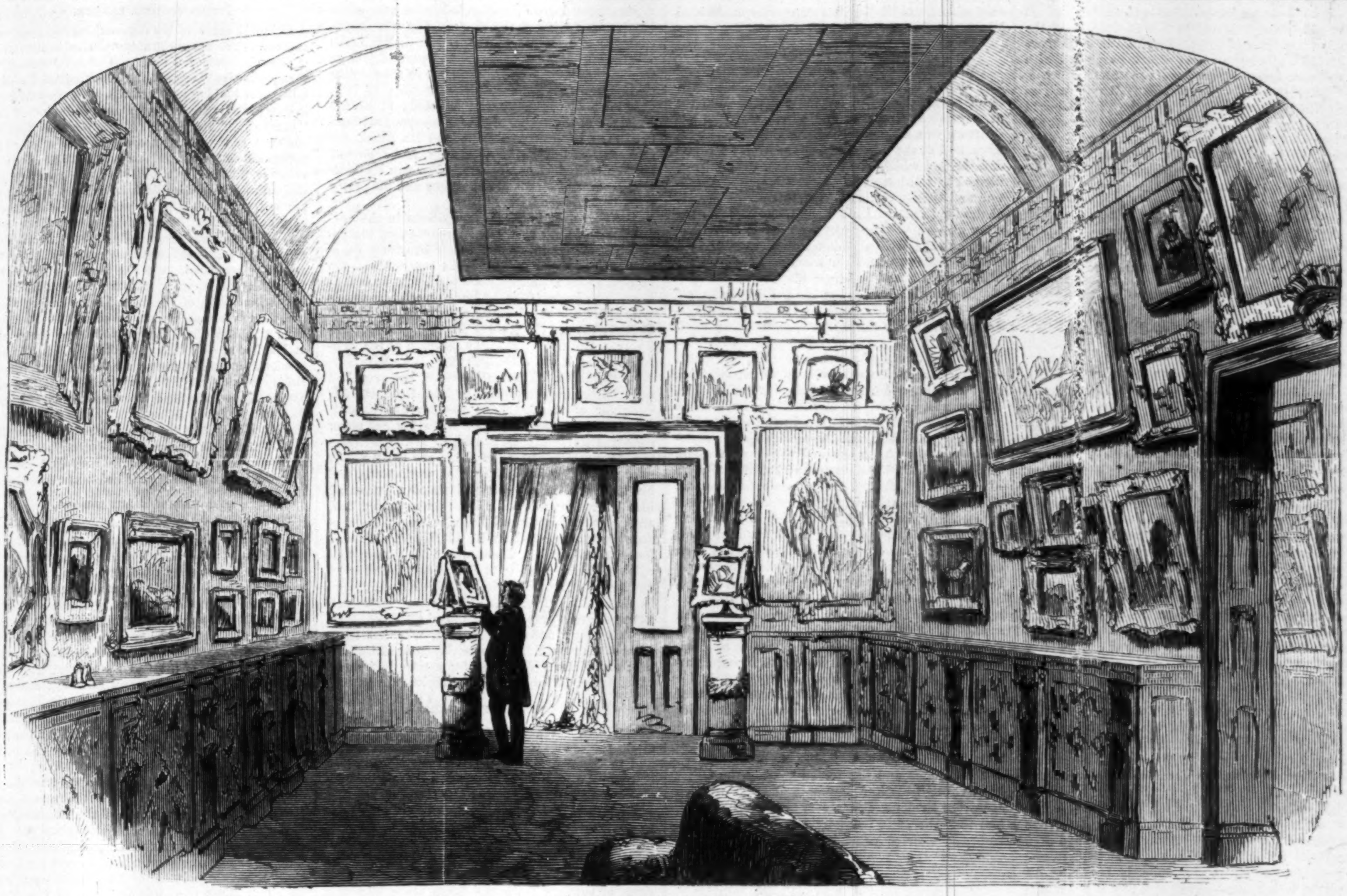
In the centre of the north wall of this corridor, and opposite the entrance-door to the Gallery, is a niche containing a very fine group in marble, representing Columbus unvailing America and presenting her to the World, by the Chevalier Costoli, the Professor in the Academy at Florence.

Turning from this, you enter the Picture Galleries proper, for there are two, Mr. Aspinwall having wisely decided that he would divide the modern and ancient pictures, giving to each a separate habitation. We may here say that, in arranging the light of the galleries, it has been the design of the owner and his architect to throw the light on the pictures and leave the spectator in shadow, thus preventing the dazzling effect on the eye consequent on the admission of the great masses of light in many galleries. This has been effected by the interposition of screens suspended from the ceilings under the sky-lights, which, while they admit light freely on the pictures, cast a shadow on the centre of the Gallery. The screens are arranged so that they can be drawn up at night, closing out the sky-light, and making the ceilings complete when they are lighted by gas.

The principal Gallery, twenty-two feet wide and thirty-four feet long, contains the pictures of the Old Masters. At the east end, and opposite the door of the rear drawing-room, is the Conception, by Murillo, purchased from the family of the late King of Holland, so placed as to be seen from the whole suite of rooms. This beautiful work is flanked on one side by a Guido, and on the other by a picture of the school of Correggio.

At the opposite end are the full-length portraits of the Marquis Langamey, Governor-General of Milan, by Vandyke, and of a Knight of Malta by Velasquez. The former picture is one of the famous hundred heads painted by Vandyke and engraved under his superintendence, and was purchased from the Marquis Durazzo, of Genoa.

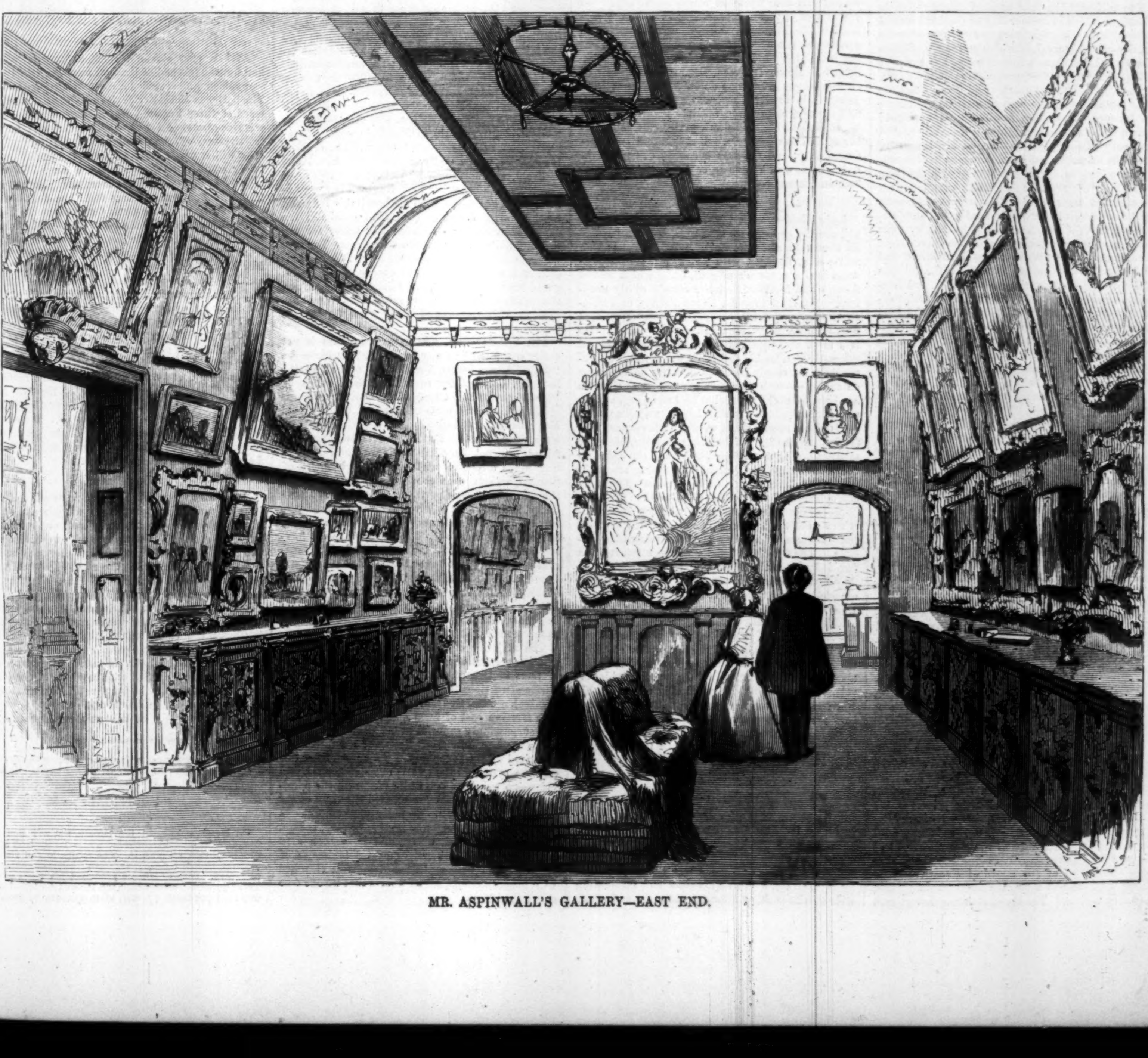
On the south side of the room, and opposite the entrance, are many very fine pictures, among which we observed, as peculiarly beautiful, The Sybil, by Guercino, purchased of the Mecarini family, at Pisa; The Saviour and St. John, by Correggio, purchased of the Duke of Cassano, at Naples; A Singing Party, by Paulo Veronese, purchased of the Marquis Besogna, Naples; a very fine Cuyp; a Titian; another Murillo; besides many others of great value and undoubted originality. Opposite these pictures, on the north wall, among the most prominent are—a Landscape, by Rembrandt, formerly belonging to Count Stadion; a Landscape, by Jacques Ruysdal; a St. Peter, by Guido; St. Sebastian, of Andrea del Sarto; and others of equal merit.



MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY—WEST END.

Passing from this Gallery to the east, we come into the smaller Gallery, appropriated to the Modern School.

This is eighteen feet by twenty-two feet, and contains some fifty or sixty pictures. Among the most striking we may mention a superb Moonlight Sea View; a Storm, by Gudin, representing the Wreck of the Admiral of the Spanish Armada on the Coast of Scotland, from a sketch taken by the painter on the spot near which the wreck actually occurred; The Removal of the Body of Wallenstein after his Murder, painted by Pilotty, of Munich; Three very fine Cattle Pieces, by Brascassat; a superb Cattle Piece, by Ommegauk; The Annunciation, by Jalabert, pupil of Paul Delaroche; The Supper at Emmaus, by Carl Müller, of Dusseldorf; A Card Party, by Ten Kate; Pictures by Verbeckhoeven, Brias, Leys, Madon, and other masters of the French and Flemish schools; with several by Huntington, Church, and Gignoux.



MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY—EAST END.

It is of course impossible to give a detail of all the painters represented in this Gallery, or of the subjects of their pictures, of which there are more than 150, all choice works of Art, purchased with great care during a residence of two years in Europe.

Many of the pictures in this Gallery—such as the Vandyke, the Murillo, and the Titian—could hardly be replaced if they were lost, so difficult has it become to obtain undoubted works by these artists; and in this respect Mr. Aspinwall has been extremely fortunate in acquiring works of undoubted authenticity from the families in whose possession they had remained in many cases for many years, and in others from their first production.

We hail this and its fellow galleries as another step in the right direction—another evidence of the civilization attendant upon our mercantile energy.

THE NAPIER BALL.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON CITY, *February* 18, 1859.

DISMAL and dreary, my dear editor, was the night-ride from New York here, diversified by unmannerly jostlings at each change of cars, and by the persistent efforts of the conductors to keep themselves awake by waking up all sleeping passengers, under pretense of seeing their tickets. Bad as my friend Mr. Everett found the sleeping-cars on the New York Central road, they must be delightful when compared to the nocturnal accommodations on the Jordan-like route between the commercial metropolis and the official centre of the republic. I was fortunate enough, however, to meet with a venerable acquaintance who remembers Washington City for many a year back, and from him I learned that the NAPIER BALL, which I was on my way to attend, had its precedents. The residents at the Federal capital have ever delighted to "welcome the coming, speed the parting" representative of our Anglo-Saxon fatherland; and in olden times, when ministers came in state, on board men-of-war, the Washingtonians went to Annapolis to greet them at the water's edge. Sir Charles Bagot and Mr. Fox were there honored with balls; a grand entertainment *dansante* was given here to M. de Neuville on his departure; and Mr. Vaughn was complimented with a ball on leaving the first time, followed by a dinner the next day; when he left the second time the dinner was repeated. Arrangements had been projected for giving a farewell ball to Sir John Crampton, but on unceremoniously receiving his *congé* he took French-leave; and now that his successor was, in turn, to make his exodus, the ball was to be a fixed fact. The reminiscences of these entertainments in years gone by, and of those who figured in them, beguiled the tedious travel; yet right glad was I when the unfinished dome of the Capitol loomed up in the gray mist of the morning, and I soon after found myself within the walls of that noted caravansary, Willard's Hotel.

The ball was the only topic of conversation in Washington. The meteor flag of England waved harmoniously with the Stars and Stripes over the locality of the festival, of which your artist obtained a very clever sketch, although no view can give an idea of the acres of accommodation within doors. At the Capitol grave Senators and honorable Congressmen seemed alone bent on securing partners; the fancy-stores on the Avenue were crowded; French hair-dressers and cooks (*artistes* all) rushed frantically about; and the office of Mr. Kennedy, where the managers sat in solemn conclave, guarding the portals in advance by due care in the issue of tickets "not transferable," was crowded with the eleventh hour men. Very appropriate were the ladies' invitation-cards, headed by an emblematical device (of which a sketch is sent by your artist) representing the armorial shields of Great Britain and of the United States in maternal and filial juxtaposition, ornamented with the delicate blades of Indian corn, the roses of York and Lancaster, the shamrock of the Green Isle, and, towering above all, the thistle—emblem of the land which gave birth to him in whose honor the festival was given, and who has *Na-pier* in the service of his sovereign.

There were those, too, who undertook to crucify themselves on the X which represented the value of a ticket, often to be multiplied manifold by the ladies of their families, who, of course, had "nothing to wear." Lord Napier had never sought the acquaintance of these grumblers, it appeared; he had never sent his carriage for them to grace the entertainments at the Embassy; and why, oh! why should they join in a parting compliment to him as the representative of our Anglo-Saxon fatherland. They also deemed the price of tickets extravagant. Many had been to firemen's balls, for which it was only necessary to give a dollar for the pasteboard passport; and as for inviting the entire *corps diplomatique*, it was anti-republican! And thus they grumbled. Heaven help them!

THE EVENING OF THE BALL.

The evening arrived, and with it came a drenching shower, refreshing to the horde of unregulated hackmen with which the city of magnificent distances is infested, but by no means pleasant to the ball-goers. Willard had, however, very thoughtfully caused to be erected a canvas pavilion, which covered the entrance-porch and the sidewalk, so that ladies could step under cover from their carriages to the door.

DRESSING AND RECEPTION ROOMS.

The entire suit of parlors on the Fourteenth Street side of the hotel, with others near by, were used as dressing and reception rooms. One parlor was especially reserved for the guests of the evening, viz.: Lord and Lady Napier, the Diplomatic corps, and the members of the Cabinet with their ladies. When such of these as attended had arrived, they were formally escorted by the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers down stairs into the ball-room, the band playing "God save the Queen." The broad staircase down which they passed was lined with rare exotics, embedded in moss, and ornamented with mirrors.

THE BALL-ROOM.

This magnificent apartment, one hundred and fifty feet in length, was draped with the ensigns of all nations, supplied for the occasion from the navy yards at Brooklyn and here. Opposite the staircase was a raised orchestra, also draped with flags, and at the northern extremity was a raised dais, behind which was a mammoth oval mirror, flanked by full-length portraits of George Washington, and Queen Victoria. On this platform were chairs for Lord and Lady Napier, and sofas for the other guests; but they preferred to remain on the floor, and the position of honor was occupied by a bevy of beauty, who from there could survey the brilliant scene, and be surveyed.

The armorial bearings of the United States and other countries were hung on the walls at different points, and on the floor was painted, with artistic ability, the arms of the Napiers, with supporters and motto, of which your artist has sent a sketch. Large chandeliers lit up the scene with a flood of light, and animated indeed was the scene. Fair women in the pride of full dress, and decked with jewels rare; brave men in the uniforms of the army, the navy, and the marine corps; diplomats decked with crosses and stars; with many of the most noted statesmen and brilliant writers of our country, formed a spectacle rarely seen on this side of the Atlantic. Some of the belles were surpassingly lovely, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy, and "fairer than the ghost of the hills when it moves in a sunbeam at noon over the silence of Morven;" and, as if to set out their beauty by contrast, there were other dames of the "Pike County" class, with a few well-preserved, elaborately-painted, and carefully-stuffed specimens of *passé* prettiness—of course every lady moved in the "fashionable circles" which so gloriously expand dry-goods, and at first dancing seemed out of the question. But the inspiring strains of the band could not be resisted, and the measured evolutions of *les lanciers* or the mazes of the waltz were executed in the smallest possible compass. On one occasion a cavalier became separated from his partner (the bewitching Miss H., of Baltimore), and could not find her for an hour. Alas! that he discovered her in a desperate flirtation with an epauleted lieutenant on a sofa beneath the stairs, and that she most unkindly complained that she had been deserted in the dance!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Honor to whom honor is due, and the gentlemen who have gotten up this festival merit especial mention. First and foremost was Senator Seward, who actually danced a quadrille, and for once banished from his shrewd countenance that Zerah Colburn, mental-arithmetic look with which he seems ever reckoning his chances for the Presidency. Hon. Anthony Kennedy, the Senator from Maryland, was the attentive cavalier of a delegation of fair ones from the monumental city. On the arm of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the Prince Torlonia of Washington, was his graceful daughter, in a rich yet simple dress, and not an ornament in her hair, over which the bridal vail is soon to be thrown. Henry Ledyard, Esq., the son-in-law of General Cass, is at home on such occasions; Benjamin Ogle Taylor, Esq., was a noble representative of the thoroughbred Virginia gentleman; and W. L. Hodge, Esq., was an equally efficient member of this working trio. But the real labor, responsibility, and toil was borne by J. C. J. Kennedy, Esq., well known in connection with his labors on the last census.

THE GUESTS.

Lady Napier, with her sweet, homelike smile and courtly grace, was, of course, the observed of all observers, and was elaborately dressed in rich white silk, flounced with black lace; her head-dress was a net-work of gold, from which waved flowers and feathers, and she wore a costly necklace. My Lord Francis, Baron Napier, of Thirlestane Castle, Selkirk, sported a Websterian blue coat with bright buttons, and a white choker. He is a most accomplished master of diplomacy, and generally carries his points by his cordial, unpretending, yet steady manners. When he addresses an audience—as he has done several times since he has been here—he says what he has to say, and no more, in excellent taste and with unerring tact. He is also a most gallant cavalier, his earnest look fascinating the fair one to whom he talks, his quiet manner saying more than words, and the cadences of his musical voice evidently possessing magnetic power. A lover of art, he is noted as an admirer of the beautiful and accomplished of the fair sex.

M. le Comte de Sartiges, wearing the commander's cross of the legion of honor, escorted his Boston Countess, who wore a most becoming blue brocade. The Spanish Minister was so attentive to a fair lady from the West that it was thought he may favor annexation after all. General Herran escorted the witty and ever-agreeable Mrs. Heiss, who is well versed in Central American affairs. Waldemar de Bodisco and a score of minor diplomatic stars were, of course, very popular among the belles. No wonder! They waltz steadily, these diplomatic men, their broken English is fascinating, and they are all on the regular ladder of promotion. Did not Lady Ouseley marry old Sir Gore when he was here a young attaché? Anxious parents, however, by no means approve of these hirsute admirers of their daughters, especially when those daughters are to be the recipients of carefully treasured property.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

The President, by the etiquette of our republican court, can not visit a public entertainment, and it is lucky for him that he can not. His coldly beautiful niece was of course missed, for she graces and adorns every scene of which she forms a part; but the Executive mansion was well represented by Mrs. Craig, a most queenlike and fascinating widow, who is this winter a guest there, and whose "beauty unadorned" in a deep-blue dress set many an elaborate toilet in the shade. She was escorted by that amiable gentleman Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, who is soon to vacate the post of private secretary to "Uncle James," to put on the wreaths of Hymen and commence the practice of law. Colonel Selden, the District Marshal; P. Barton Key (son of the author of the "Star-spangled Banner"), the District Attorney; and Dr. Black, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, and Usher of the White Rod, were all there. Nor can Ex-Marshal Hoover, with his pleasant face and his pretty wife, be forgotten here.

The Secretary of State (punctilious in the performance of duty as when he commenced his varied, yet unbroken, official career over fifty years ago) was present, and his looks contradicted the reports so industriously circulated, that he is failing. The Secretary of the Interior, with his equally popular and fine-looking wife, represented that Department and the State of Mississippi most creditably. But the beaux were desolate at the non-appearance of the belle, *par excellence*, Miss Narcissa Saunders. The mail service, however, had a bewitching representative in Miss King, the fair daughter of the Assistant Postmaster-General, who transports the males who know her, yet never delivers them from their suspense. Mr. John Appleton, Assistant Secretary of State, and the "King's next friend," seemed somewhat work-worn, but his lady was in capital spirits and a becoming blue brocade, while with her was a young, fair, and bewitching damsel from Salem, Massachusetts, ever celebrated for its witchcraft. Ex-diplomats abounded. There was Mr. Eames, that editorial Talleyrand, with his accomplished lady, not long since returned from South America; and E. G. Squier, whose wife wore a royal purple velvet with great grace; and Colonel C. F. Sanford, of your city; and John Nugent, who has turned his back upon Bogota to be Governor of California; and Major Heiss, who for a time laid down his editorial duties to sport the diplomatic button.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Senators, as representatives of sovereign States, claim precedence of those I have mentioned above, and to Senator Mason (one of the true Virginia gentlemen of the olden time when there were second families) was delegated the honor of handing Lady Napier in to supper, for he is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Lord Napier gave his arm to Mrs. Senator Clay, of Alabama, one of the most accomplished, wittiest, and best women of America, who wore a white dress, with a head-dress of pendant feathers. Then there was that noblest old Roman of them all, Senator Crittenden, his keen gray eyes gleaming from beneath the shaggy brows which enarch them, and a pleasant smile lighting up his corrugated features as he played the agreeable to Miss Martha Haines Butt, a young, handsome, and gifted authoress from Norfolk, Virginia, who wore a simple white dress, spotted with scarlet medallions. Celebrities and neophites vied with each other in paying homage to Madame Crittenden, the inheritress of the graceful dignity of the court of Lady Washington; and the fair daughters of South Carolina, who were escorted by Senator Hammond, were much admired. The gigantic Houston, who is in a few days to retire from a public service of forty-five years to enjoy pastoral happiness in the State whose lone star he added to our constellation, was the devoted attendant of Miss Gould, of Massachusetts. Senator Wilson and his burly brother, Hale, of New Hampshire, were equally gallant; and Mrs. Hale, as usual, was surrounded by those who enjoy her vivacity and admire her New England home-manners. Senator Gwin, with his hospitable lady and much-admired daughter (beautiful coral did the daughter wear), seemed none the worse for the death of his pet Pacific Railroad scheme. Toombs, whose head is as massive as his heart is incorruptible, and who is the mortal enemy of all sham, gazed around with some contempt in his face, and the manner in which he scrutinized some expensive uniforms boded little good for "extra pay."

Mr. Speaker Orr, whose massive form is not easily overlooked in any crowd, did not have the "mace" borne before him; but I noticed in the hall Mr. Clerk Allen escorting Miss Pollock of Pennsylvania, Mr. Chief Clerk Carter, with his *spirituelle* and pretty niece from New Orleans, and Mr. Postmaster Clusky. All shades of politics were represented. Burlingame, whose personal friends are not bounded by Mason and Dixon's line, made a *vis-à-vis* with the chivalric Keitt, of South Carolina, each showing excellent taste in the selection of their partners. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, is always an object of interest to those who revere his father's memory. Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, enjoys the double reputation of having the most oratorical talent and the least personal beauty of any member on the floor. With Messrs. Comins and Hall, of the old Bay State, were their accomplished wives and admired daughters. Mr. Reidy, of Tennessee, was accompanied by his daughter, whose dress and style would do credit to any court.

The majority of the Representatives, however, came *solus*, and they were prominent in their attentions to two of that fascinating class against whose attractions the elder Weller warned his son Samivel. Mrs. Conrad, of Louisiana, is of the true Grecian cast of form and feature, tall, lithe, and surpassingly graceful in her every movement, while the bewitching expression of her features is enhanced by the sad yet sunny glances of her falcon-like eyes, and the gentle tones of her musical voice—no wonder that, while receiving the admiration of mankind, she has excited the envy of her own uncharitable sex. Equally admired, but of a more Roman and Juno-like style of beauty, is Mrs. Bass, of Mississippi, who would have been a fit model for Phidias when he modeled his statue of Minerva, and whose plain white dress, trimmed with forget-me-nots, set off a form that no one who saw it can forget.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

Colonel Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, ever commands respect as the accomplished senior-editor of that time-honored sheet. Colonel Johnson, of that executive "organ" the Washington *Union*, is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, contrasting strongly in every way with the squabby conductor of that "hand-organ" the *Star*. In the pleasant features of Pryor, of the *States*, there is no indication of the malignant bitterness of his often unprovoked invectives, but his eye betokens the courage and the enthusiasm with which he follows in the path marked out by Calhoun. Colonel Schouler—he may be a general, for all these editors have some title—has a merry Scotch face, with a winsome smile, and I am confident that he does not put the gall and wormwood into the Boston *Atlas*, while the stern and ascetical features of Mr. Pike (Ida May's husband), of the New York *Tribune*, speak the thoughts that rankle in the J. S. P. letters from this city. Of "correspondents" there was at least a score, although "the free-list was suspended," and this phrase recalls to my mind the Belgravian dignity with which our Empressario Stuart moved through the throng, and the lady-like ease with which that "fairy star," Mrs. Bourcicault, mingled in the festivities of the evening. "All the world's a stage," and she could see around her some countenances more berouged and bepowdered than often appear before the foot-lights.

OUR NATION'S DEFENDERS.

The "armory and navery officers, in brass coats with blue buttons," of which Dame Partington speaks, were out in full force, and all grades were represented, from Major General Jessup down to the newly equipped 2d battalion, and from natty middies up to Commodore Kearny, who has been in the service fifty-two years, over half of which time he has been at sea. Colonel Magruder, with his broad sash *en cordon*; Colonel P. St. George Cooke, that gallant son of the Old Dominion; Colonel J. E. Johnson; Surgeon General Lawson; and other officers, recalled good service against the Indians in Florida and on the plains—at Cerro Gordo and at Chepultapec. Nor is there any danger that the stars and stripes will be swept from the ocean, while such naval officers as Ingraham, Sands, Hudson, Dalghren, and others there last night are alive to keep it flying. There too was Colonel Harris, the new commander of the marines, with Major Russell and other officers of that corps. Nor could the militia have a better representative than Colonel Lewis W. Washington, a great nephew of the "buckskin colonel" of Braddock's army, and an aid-de-camp to Governor Wise, or Colonel Z. W. Lander, who has fought so bravely as a volunteer, and who now is superintending the wagon-road to the Pacific.

NOTABLES.

Leutze, the artist, was greeted by many friends on his return from the Old World; Brady, the imperial photographist, accompanied by Mrs. B., is very popular here. Then we had your New York dignitaries of fashion, radiant and resplendent.

THE SUPPER.

At half past eleven o'clock a curtain, which had formed the end of the hall next the orchestra, was raised, and revealed a most striking *coup d'œil*. The hall was in reality prolonged, until it was upward of three hundred feet in length, and along one side stretched a table—with an L at the far extremity—on which was the supper. It was a banquet which would have gladdened Lucullus, and Soyer could not have prepared a more elaborate repast *à la Française*, while there were also terrapin from the Potomac, oysters from the fundum of James's River, canvas-back ducks from the Delaware, reed birds from the Savannah, wild turkeys from Kentucky, prairie hens from Iowa, mutton from the Cumberland mountains, venison from North Carolina, and other "native American" dishes. The saccharine architecture was wonderful, especially two temples, crowned with statues of Britannia and America, ornamented with the arms of the United Kingdom and of the States, and decorated with the British and American flags. Fierce was the attack made upon luxuries and delicacies, but a corps of waiters behind the tables kept reinforcing empty dishes, and meanwhile there was a running fire of Champagne corks, many of the fair ones eating most heartily, and not forgetting Dick Swiveller's precept to "sip the rosy." Wonderful to relate, and an especial mark of the good sense of the Executive Committee, there was not a toast, a sentiment, or a speech. Bravo!

THE FINALE.

After the supper, dancing was resumed, and was kept up until long past the "witching hour of night, when lovers part, and ghosts stray in their winding sheets." Of the prominent belles and the most graceful toilets I should here say more, but I do not believe that the mail-agent will wait one moment beyond his allotted time. Your artist has kept pace with his pencil to my pen, and sends you his sketches—but it is impossible to do justice to the scene with either pen or pencil. The glowing light, the varied colors, the bright faces, the rich toilets, the general good humor, and the satisfaction with the admirable manner in which the Messrs. Willard carried out the views of the Committee—all this may be imagined far easier than it can be depicted. In haste, *tout à vous*,

G. WASHINGTON JENKINS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 14th, in the Senate, the new Senators from Oregon were introduced and drew for the long term, Senator Smith winning it. The credentials of Senator Toombs, elected for six years from 4th March next, were presented. Senator Hunter presented his views on the Tariff question; after which the Indiana contested election case was taken up, and, after speeches by Senators

Seward, Bayard, Trumbull, Green, Fessenden, Benjamin, Collamer, Pugh, and others, the report of the Judiciary Committee was sustained, and the Committee was discharged from further consideration of the subject by a vote of 30 to 15.——In the House Mr. English, from the Post-office Committee, reported a bill for the opening of new post routes, and authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for the transportation of the mail on routes already established. Amendments were moved by Messrs. Jones and Phelps; but they were lost, and the bill passed. Mr. Phelps moved a suspension of the rules to introduce a bill to authorize the reissue of the Treasury notes; negatived by 110 to 87. Much further conversation ensued on the subject of the public revenue and expenditure, and speeches were made by Messrs. Phelps, Phillips, M'Queen, Ritchie, and Garnett; but no vote was taken.

On Tuesday, 15th, in the Senate, Father Boyle, a Roman Catholic priest, offered prayer. There was but one Senator present, and he retired into the lobby during the prayer. The House bill amending the pay of army officers was taken up, and after a fruitless attempt to amend the bill by Senator Pugh, and some noisy remarks by Senator Tombs, was passed. Senator Wilson introduced a bill to modify the existing rules by which the mileage of Senators is computed. The Cuba Bill was then taken up, and a long speech made thereon by Senator Crittenden. Remarks were made by other Senators, but nothing of consequence.——In the House Mr. Taylor introduced a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-arms to apprehend John Cassin, a witness before the Printing Investigation Committee; adopted. Mr. Crawford vainly endeavored to introduce a resolution to reduce public salaries. Mr. Dowdell was equally unsuccessful in an attempt to introduce a resolution calling for information about the expense incurred in reference to the captured Africans, etc. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, speeches were made by Messrs. Stanton, Boyce, Morris, Cragin, and Ward, but no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 16th, in the Senate, Senator Fitch introduced a resolution to save money in the public printing; adopted. Senator Bayard reported Senator Seward's bill for the suppression of the slave-trade. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill having been taken up, Senator Clay moved to strike from it an item of $75,000 for the return of the *Echo's* Africans; lost by 10 to 40. The bill was then set aside by special order. Senator Thompson made a long speech against the acquisition of Cuba, after which the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Stephens introduced a bill to organize the Territory of Arizona. Mr. Grow offered a preamble that, as the Territory had always been free from slavery, slavery should never exist therein. Mr. M'Queen objected, and on motion of Mr. Gildore the whole subject was tabled, by 121 to 78. The same result befell bills introduced by Mr. Stephens for the organization of the Territories of Dacotah and Jefferson. A pension of $50 a month was granted to Mrs. General Gaines. The Agricultural College Bill was taken up, and the Senate's amendments were agreed to. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and after speeches by Messrs. Blair, Greenwood, Cox, and Bryan, an amendment to transfer the Indian Bureau from the Indian to the War Department was rejected.

On Thursday, 17th, in the Senate, an ineffectual effort was made by Senator Wade, of Ohio, to have the Homestead Bill taken up. The Consular and Diplomatic Bill was taken up instead, and a long debate ensued, in which Senators Pugh, Mason, Hunter, Slidell, and Douglas took part; no vote, however, was taken. In the course of the day Senators Chandler and Polk delivered their sentiments on the Cuba Bill.——In the House, John Cassin, the contumacious witness, was produced and discharged from custody. A bill was passed to regulate postage on periodicals; an ineffectual effort was made to abolish the franking privilege. The Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Davis, Granger, Letcher, Phelps, Chaffee, Stanton, Branch, and Faulkner. No vote was taken.

On Friday, 18th, in the Senate, a bill was introduced by Mr. Polk to pay E. G. Squier $4500 for extra services as Minister to Guatemala; no vote was taken. By 28 to 21 the private calendar was taken up, during discussion on which a message was received from the President, calling on Congress to authorize him to use the army and navy forces of the United States to protect the lives and property of citizens in Mexico and Central America. The message was debated by Senators Clingman, Benjamin, Douglas, Davis, and Green in favor, and by Senators Seward and Fessenden against the doctrines of the message.——In the House the Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and an amendment of Mr. Stanton's to prevent recruiting was, after discussion by Messrs. Lovejoy, Stanton, Washburne, and others, rejected. An amendment, moved by Mr. Faulkner, to cut off brevet pay, was also rejected. On motion of Mr. Nichols, a resolution was adopted for a Committee of Investigation into a charge of corruption made against a member of the Committee of Accounts in the Daily *Times* of this city.

A GIRL ATTACKED BY A TIGER.

We read in the Philadelphia *Ledger*: "Yesterday Sarah B. Noble, aged fifteen years, called at the National Circus in relation to an advertisement for girls to perform in Cinderella. Upon reaching the stage she began to caress one of the tigers, which seized her by the left arm, and lacerated it in a shocking manner before it could be forced to let go its hold. So firmly were its jaws closed upon the limb that a crow-bar had to be used to force the mouth open."

SINGULAR AND ATROCIOUS VILLAINY.

"The dwelling of Henry Stowell, of Shutesbury, Massachusetts," says the Springfield *Republican*, "was entered on Monday night, January 31, by some desperate, revengeful villain, who stealthily proceeded to a bedroom in which Mr. Stowell's daughter, Ellen—a young lady of 19 years—and another young lady were sleeping, in separate beds, and administered to both sufficient chloroform to render them utterly helpless and unconscious." "He then," says the Amherst *Express*, "made several cuts with some sharp instrument upon the forehead of Miss Ellen, extending from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows, and also upon her chin. From these wounds the blood flowed freely, but they are not serious. He also made a gash of some three inches in length upon her breast, and probably committed other outrages. On retiring she had taken the rings from her fingers and placed them upon the table near her bed. These were found upon the floor, broken and useless. Her clothing, of all kinds, as well as whatever else belonged to her, including even her papers, which the villain obtained by breaking open her trunk, were carefully selected in the room where she slept, and also in adjoining rooms, and carried away. As other articles, many of them of value, belonging to other members of the family, were left undisturbed, it is obvious that personal revenge upon Miss Stowell was the object of the wicked depredator. Miss Stowell recovered her consciousness about daylight the following morning, and found her face and bed-clothing covered with blood, and herself suffering greatly from her wounds. The family were at once aroused, and diligent search instituted, but no certain clew to the perpetrator had been discovered at last accounts, although the family have strong suspicions of the guilty one. The victim of this inhuman outrage is an intelligent young lady, of much amiability of character, greatly esteemed by all who know her, and is not conscious of having made any one her enemy."

A BANK CASHIER MURDERED AT HIS DESK.

A letter from Cairo, in the St. Louis *Republican*, says: "I have just learned the particulars of a most atrocious murder that was perpetrated at Jackson, Tennessee, on last Thursday night. On that evening, about eight o'clock, Mr. George Miller (cashier or teller) of the Union Bank of Tennessee, at Jackson, called at the Gates House and inquired if Mr. M'Knight, the President of the Bank, had returned on the evening train from Memphis. On being answered in the negative he left the hotel and went in the direction of his room, which adjoined the bank.

"The next morning he did not appear at breakfast, nor was the bank opened at the usual hour. His unusual absence alarmed his friends, who made diligent search for him. Failing to gain intelligence of him, it was determined, after dinner, to force the door of his room. On entering they found his coat and hat. They then passed through a door which led into the bank, where they found him murdered in the most shocking manner. He was seated in a chair, resting on his left side on a table, with the check-book before him and the pen still grasped in his hand. He had been struck twice with the canceling hammer—one blow having been given on the back of the head, and the other on the right side of the head. Two or three leaves had been torn from the check-book, and either destroyed or carried away. The bank was robbed of some sixteen thousand dollars in coin, and a very considerable quantity of small coin left scattered over the floor. The murderers unbarred the front door and passed out, and pulled the door to after them. As yet no arrests have been made, nor has any one been even suspected. Mr. Miller was a very worthy and exemplary young man, and was always exceedingly careful not to admit any one into the bank at improper hours. From the fact of the check-book being on the table, it is probable some one gained admittance under the pretext of getting a check."

A SKATING HOOP.

The Massachusetts *Gazette* says: "Henry Shepard, of Northampton, has invented an apparatus to assist the ladies in mastering the new and fashionable accomplishment of skating. It is apparently modeled after the common hooped skirt, and consists of four hoops, fastened to as many upright pieces, terminating in a ball which rests upon the ice. The upper hoop comes to a convenient height for the learner to rest her hands upon. Thus ensconced within the hoops, there is no possibility of falling, and the ladies, we are happy to say, very soon become adepts in the art of skating. It is quite an improvement on the barrel, as used in other places, because, in addition to its lightness and ease of movement, it does not necessitate any crinoline condensations.

PERSONAL.

Among the personal topics of Washington society just now are three fashionable weddings, all to take place within a month, viz.: Mr. Eustis, member of Congress from Louisiana, to Miss Corcoran, of Washington, daughter of the banker, already widely published; Mr. Riggs of Washington, to Miss Bright, daughter of the Senator from Indiana; Mr. Baylor, of Alabama, to Miss Gwin, daughter of the Senator from California.

The *Tribune* says: "Powers's statue of Webster must be a failure. The Boston *Transcript* says that before it was received there was a desire to have it placed in the most public and prominent position that could be secured for the purpose. Since the lank figure has been seen by the Bostonians, there is no objection to its being buried from the public eye in the United States Court-house, or any place rarely visited by citizens or strangers.

It has been often predicted that the heavy glass sky-lights over the Representatives' Hall in Washington were not sufficiently secure. Early on Tuesday morning, from some unknown cause, a heavy pane fell from the sky-light upon the desk and chair of Mr. Nichols of Ohio, who had a moment before left his seat.

During the last session of the Illinois Legislature, the Governor of that State, following the example of his immediate predecessors, formally invited his friends, of all parties, whether residents or strangers, officers or outsiders, then at the capital, to a ceremonious party. The result was a gay assemblage; but the giver of the party found, when the bills came in, that he had spent a year's salary in making four hundred people happy for one evening. This year he adopted a wiser plan of entertainment. Notice was informally given out that the Executive Mansion would be open on Thursday evenings; that the invitation to call was extended to whomsoever would accept it, and that the guests were at liberty to amuse themselves as they pleased when once within doors. The result has been happy. The presence of a cotillion band is completely satisfactory to the young. Between the flow of music and the flow of words, the levees are the social feature of the season. No refreshments are served; hence nobody gets boozy, and nobody goes solely to eat. The Governor's successor will have reason to thank him for his innovation.

Theodore Sedgwick says that it is "the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott, with his manly form. It is Brougham, with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardiest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondacs or on the Miramichi. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours and on horseback twenty. It is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength."

On the trial of Jumpertz, at Chicago, for the murder of Sophia Webner, the door of the room on which he says she hung herself was exhibited in court, and experimented on by several of the jurors, and both the lawyers for the prosecution and the defense. Jumpertz alleged that she hung herself on some coat-hooks and screws fastened into the door. To prove the truth of this, a juror, weighing 142 pounds was hung up, under the arms, in various ways nine times by the defense, and six times by the prosecution, the result being favorable to the former.

"It is currently reported," says the *News* correspondent, "that there is more than one 'fair and frail' of our Washington society whom a distinguished diplomat has exercised his peculiar and fascinating powers upon, and whose intimacy with his lordship has not only placed them in an equivocal position, but has materially lowered him in the opinion of 'our best society.'"

Mr. B. F. Butler, a lawyer of Boston, is somewhat noted for his severity in examining witnesses. A correspondent of the *Century* relates:

"He was lately engaged in a legal case, in which Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, was one of the witnesses. When Butler came to cross-examine him he began in his usual style of unceremonious ferocity. The Judge mildly interposed, and said perhaps Brother Butler didn't know who the witness was; it was Professor Horsford—Professor of Harvard College. 'Oh, yes!' mumbled Butler, as he leisurely stroked his chin, 'Professor Horsford! Harvard Professor! Professor of Harvard College! Yes, we *hung one of 'em t'other day!*'"

The Queen of Spain has granted the Cross of Knight Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel, the Catholic, to Mr. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Her Majesty, wishing to render the grace more complete, has ordered the insignia to be transmitted to the grantee. Mr. Morse is at present at Arroya, in Puerto Rico, where one of his daughters, who married a rich planter, is living. He is associated with the project of a transatlantic telegraph line to connect Cadiz with Cuba.

The Supreme Court at Washington has affirmed so much of the decree of the California District Court as confirms the grant to John A. Sutter for eleven square leagues of land of 18th June, 1841, by Governor Alvarado, and annulled so much of said decree as confirms a grant to John A. Sutter for twenty-two leagues of land, purporting to have been made by Governor Micheltorena, 5th February, 1845.

The students of William and Mary College have, in full meeting, resolved that they meet with merited scorn any suggestion to abandon the friends of the college in their temporary embarrassment—"that, on the contrary, we are fully determined to remain in Williamsburg, and conform to the arrangements of the Faculty, until a few brief months have expired, when, we trust, we shall see 'Dear Old William and Mary,' renovated and rejuvenated, rise from her ruins."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

QUEEN VICTORIA opened Parliament in person on the 3d. The speech commenced with congratulations on the state of the country, and on the progress made in India. On foreign affairs it says: "I receive from all foreign Powers assurances of friendly feelings. To cultivate and confirm these feelings, to maintain inviolate the faith of our public treaties, and contribute to, as far as my influence can extend, the preservation of general peace, are the objects of my unceasing solicitude." The conclusion of the treaties in regard to the Principalities, and one of commerce with Russia, are noticed, and the latter is referred to as an indication of the complete re-establishment of friendship between the two countries. The treaties with China and Japan are mentioned as promising great commercial advantages.

WAR TO BE MADE ON MEXICO.

In respect to Mexico the speech says: "The state of the republic of Mexico, distracted by civil wars, has induced me to carry my forbearance to the utmost limit in regard to the wrongs and indignities to which British residents have been subjected at the hands of the two contending parties. They have at length been carried to such an extent that I have been compelled to give instructions to the commander of the naval forces in those seas to demand, and, if necessary, to enforce reparation."

LORD CLYDE WANTED AT HOME.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* contains a note from an English *homme d'etat*, which says Queen Victoria has written to Lord Clyde, requesting that brave old soldier to return to England, in order to be in London by the 24th of May. The writer says that Lord Clyde will take command of "the coast army," which is to be made up to 100,000 infantry, while the militia are to number 200,000. Finally, his lordship will have at his disposal 50,000 cavalry and artillery. The Channel fleet, according to this authority, will be doubled, while the Mediterranean squadron is to be tripled. "By this means," says the English statesman, "we shall be able to dictate peace if war break out *malgré nous*."

DEATH OF MR. HALLAM, THE HISTORIAN.

The London *Globe* of January 24 says: "We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Hallam, the eminent historian. He died on Saturday last, aged 81. [Mr. Prescott died January 28, one week later.] Mr. Hallam was born about 1778, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He afterward settled in London, where he has since resided. In 1830 he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, the other being awarded to Washington Irving. He was at an early period engaged as a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, contemporaneously with his friend, Sir Walter Scott, and bore an active part in Mr. Wilberforce's great movement for abolishing the slave-trade. It was on the death of Mr. Hallam's son, who was engaged to be married to Mr. Tennyson's sister, that the poet laureate wrote his 'In Memoriam.' Mr. Hallam's works are: 'The Constitutional History of England,' 2 vols., 8vo; 'The History of Europe during the Middle Ages,' 2 vols., 8vo; 'An Introduction to the Literary History of Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth Centuries,' 3 vols., 8vo."

DINING OFF ELAND.

On Wednesday, the 19th, Professor Owen and three brother naturalists sat down to a joint of eland, the first of that fine species of antelopes which has been fattened and killed for the table. The learned gentlemen appear to have enjoyed it exceedingly, and in a letter to a contemporary the professor enters with enthusiasm into a statement of the exact result. It will suffice to say that, on the whole, the committee rose with the conviction that a new and superior kind of animal food had been added to the restricted choice from the mammalian class at present available in Europe.

AN HEIRESS MARRIES HER FATHER'S BUTLER.

A Yorkshire paper says: "The past week has revealed another of those ill-assorted marriages which sometimes occur to the great annoyance of respectable families. The bride in this instance is the only daughter of a family residing in a village a few miles from Sheffield, who have been accustomed to move in the most aristocratic society in this part of Yorkshire. It appears the young man had been a servant abroad to one of the sons of the family, and on returning home had been installed as butler. By what qualities he gained the affections of the young lady it is not for us to speculate, but the result was that some three years ago they were secretly married at a church in London. The secret, however, was well kept; and, what is still more extraordinary, if true, it is asserted that one little cherub, if no more, has blessed the secret union, all unknown, of course, to its unsuspecting grand-parents. The bridegroom continued to occupy his position of butler until last week, when a lady visitor, who had been made acquainted with the strange union, broached the subject to the young wife's mother, who has very recently been bereaved of her husband. The disclosure created the most painful feelings, in which, however, the offending daughter does not appear to have shared. The result of the disclosure was that the ex-butler and his wife left the parental roof for the north. At the Victoria Station, in Sheffield, where they took train, the young lady displayed the utmost gayety of manner, and was observed to converse in a very animated manner with several persons to whom she was known, and to whom she introduced her husband. It is stated that the young lady has become possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of her father, who it is believed would, had her ill-assorted marriage come to his knowledge, have left her differently circumstanced. A fear of the consequences of parental anger is assumed as the motive for the long and strangely successful concealment of the wedding."

FRANCE.

MORE WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* states, in his letter of Thursday, the 27th, that the warlike preparations are going on so actively that the breaking out of hostilities would seem to be not a question of weeks, but of days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war transports are to be ready for the 1st of March.

Companies of artillery, with five-sixths of their men, are excused from regular duty to make cartridges. Orders are given to buy cavalry horses of nine years of age—far exceeding the regular standard. All the aide-major surgeons in the military hospitals of Paris and Marseilles are ordered to be in readiness for active service, and are replaced by young surgeons, and numerous other warlike preparations are being made. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops, and the formation of a *corps d'armée* on the Alps.

THE EMPRESS TERRIFIED AT A BALL.

It is stated that at a recent ball at the Tuileries a lady fainted, or, from some cause of a similar nature, confusion ensued. The Emperor and Empress fled from the throne, and made their way as precipitately as possible across the *salon*, the Empress gathering up her petticoats with her hand as best she might, and looking so pale that her best friends said "it was deathlike to look at."

THE EMPEROR SUED FOR HIS OLD DEBTS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "A lawsuit of no ordinary interest is expected to occupy the attention of one of the civil courts next week. All money lenders of London will remember that some twelve years ago Prince Louis Napoleon, when desperately hard up, was continually endeavoring to raise the wind upon a mortgage of alleged claims upon the French Government in respect of the property of his mother, Queen Hortense. Prospectuses setting forth his title to countless millions, which he offered to the public in shares of convenient amount, were profusely circulated, but met with small favor from the moneyed interest, either in Houndsditch or elsewhere. It is, however, now stated by MM. de Cock and Terwangue, bankers, of Antwerp, plaintiffs in an action brought against his Majesty Napoleon III., in his courts, that, in 1847, one M. Aristide Ferrére obtained from Louis Napoleon, for valuable consideration, an assignment of all his (the prince's) rights and credits against the French Government, as the representative of Queen Hortense, his mother. Pursuant to this assignment, title-deeds valued at 10,000,000 francs were deposited with M. de Prima, a French notary in London. M. A. Ferrére, in order to render his security readily negotiable, divided the ten millions in 100 shares, of 100,000 francs each. Two of these shares were deposited with the plaintiffs by way of mortgage, for money owing to them by Ferrére. Ferrére has never paid his debt, and now Messrs. Cock and Terwangue, availing themselves of the French law, which allows the sovereign to be sued in the civil courts, like any other citizen, bring their action. One difficulty in their way is that, in 1852, the Prince President, when he confiscated the property of the Orleans family, declared, in the *Moniteur*, that he would release the State from all his claims to his mother's fortune. The plaintiffs contend that this release can not be binding upon them as purchasers for a valuable consideration; but that, at all events, the Emperor, having canceled the shares which were negotiated with his sanction and privity, is personally liable to them. On the other hand, the validity of the assignment to Ferrére is contested by the Emperor."

HORSES FOR NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "It is presumed that Prince Napoleon intends that his youthful bride shall make her appearance in public drawn by steeds whose milk-white hue is emblematic of the purity with which she came to his arms. For several days past his carriages have been seen proceeding from the Palais Royal drawn by superb chargers, white as the driven snow; and attention has been more especially drawn to the fact, inasmuch as King Jerome, his father, delighteth in a species of Hanoverian steed whose color is jet black. It is said that Emile de Girardin—the liberal *par excellence*—is to be the Prince's Grand Chamberlain."

HOW THE BEASTS AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES GET ON.

The chimpanzee of the Jardin des Plantes has just died. He was a very sociable, intelligent, and playful animal, and greatly attached to his keeper, to obtain a caress from whom he would at once leave any game at which he might be engaged. He was also very fond of children, and used to call them by a peculiar cry to play with him. He on one occasion divided with the strictest impartiality an orange into four parts, and gave two to a little boy, reserving the other two for himself; he even presented his paws, from which juice was dropping, to the boy to suck. It has not been possible as yet to make the chimpanzee live long in European climates. In fact, even in Java, his native country, he only lives fifteen or sixteen years when domesticated. The female hippopotamus at the Jardin des Plantes, who is in an "interesting situation," will, it is believed, be confined in the course of March. This will be only the second time that one of these animals has had offspring in Europe. It is suggested that, in order to prevent the young hippopotamus from being accidentally killed by his mother, as the last was, the basin in which the hippopotamus bathes shall be rendered easier of access, and that its sides, which are straight and sharp, shall be rounded.

PENALTY OF LENDING RELIGIOUS BOOKS IN FRANCE.

The *Journal des Débats* contains a report of a strange case which has just been decided by the Correctional Tribunal of Colmar. A Protestant, named Jacques Bessmer, was charged with having lent to a Catholic, his neighbor, a volume from his library, entitled "Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures upon the Worship of Mary," and in which, it seems, the new dogma of the immaculate conception is assailed as superstitious. One count in the indictment charged him with having committed an infraction of the law prohibiting the distribution and colportage of writings which do not bear the official stamp. This is the first time the law of colportage has been applied to the simple loan of a book. The tribunal condemned him to pay a fine of fifty francs and the costs.

A LANDLORD BEGGING.

As a gentleman was passing a few days ago along the Rue de la Paix, an old man, the very picture of poverty, cried in a whining tone, "Charity, if you please!" The gentleman put his hand into his pocket, but starting back in astonishment, exclaimed, "My landlord begging!" A police officer hearing the exclamation arrested the beggar, and found on him 260 francs in gold. It then turned out that his name is Touroude, that he enjoys a pension as a retired pavior of the city of Paris, that he is owner of a house at Pontoise, and that the gentleman is one of his tenants; also, that he has been condemned several times for theft and begging. He was tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police for mendicancy, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

PRUSSIA.

The following telegrams have been published:

BERLIN, *Thursday, Jan.* 27.—At three o'clock to-day the Princess Frederick William was safely delivered of a prince. Mother and child are as well as possible.

BERLIN, *Thursday*, 4 P.M.—The Regent and his consort appeared on the balcony of the palace, and, amidst vociferous cheering, thanked the populace for their sympathy.

BERLIN, *Friday, Jan.* 28, 10 A.M.—The Princess Frederick William has passed a most favorable night, and is, together with the new-born Prince, as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

WINDSOR, *Jan.* 27.—Intelligence of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia having been safely delivered of a son arrived at Windsor Castle at three o'clock this afternoon. The Royal mother and infant Prince are doing well. This auspicious event was communicated to her Majesty through the electric telegraph, a message by which reached Windsor Castle from Berlin in six minutes after the occurrence. At one o'clock the Queen was apprised of the Princess being taken in labor. Several communications have since been received at the Castle, announcing that the Royal mother and infant Prince were favorably progressing. Immediately the welcome intelligence became known to the borough authorities and the inhabitants at large they gave expression to their sympathy and joy by suspending in front of their houses various banners, bearing the arms of England and Prussia, and other loyal devices.

ITALY.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AT A REVIEW.

At the review held by Prince Napoleon, at Turin, of all the survivors of the Grand Armée decorated with the medal of St. Helena, his Imperial Highness addressed them in French in the following words: "I thank you for the eagerness which you have shown in assembling here to meet me; I am deeply affected by it. Noble and glorious remains of our armies, you are an additional bond between France and Piedmont, which, as well as our dynasties, are and will be allied in future. I shall inform the Emperor of your ardor, and I thank you in his name. Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Roi Victor Emmanuel!"

THE EXECUTIONER AT MILAN ALREADY.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "I am able most positively to confirm the report that when the fresh troops entered Milan the executioner came with them, and that he has publicly exhibited the infamous implements of his trade. My former report was the exact truth. A cart, with the gallows standing upright in it, has been paraded through Milan. The numerous imprisonments of which I spoke to you in my last are equally true, but the persons imprisoned are of the lowest class."

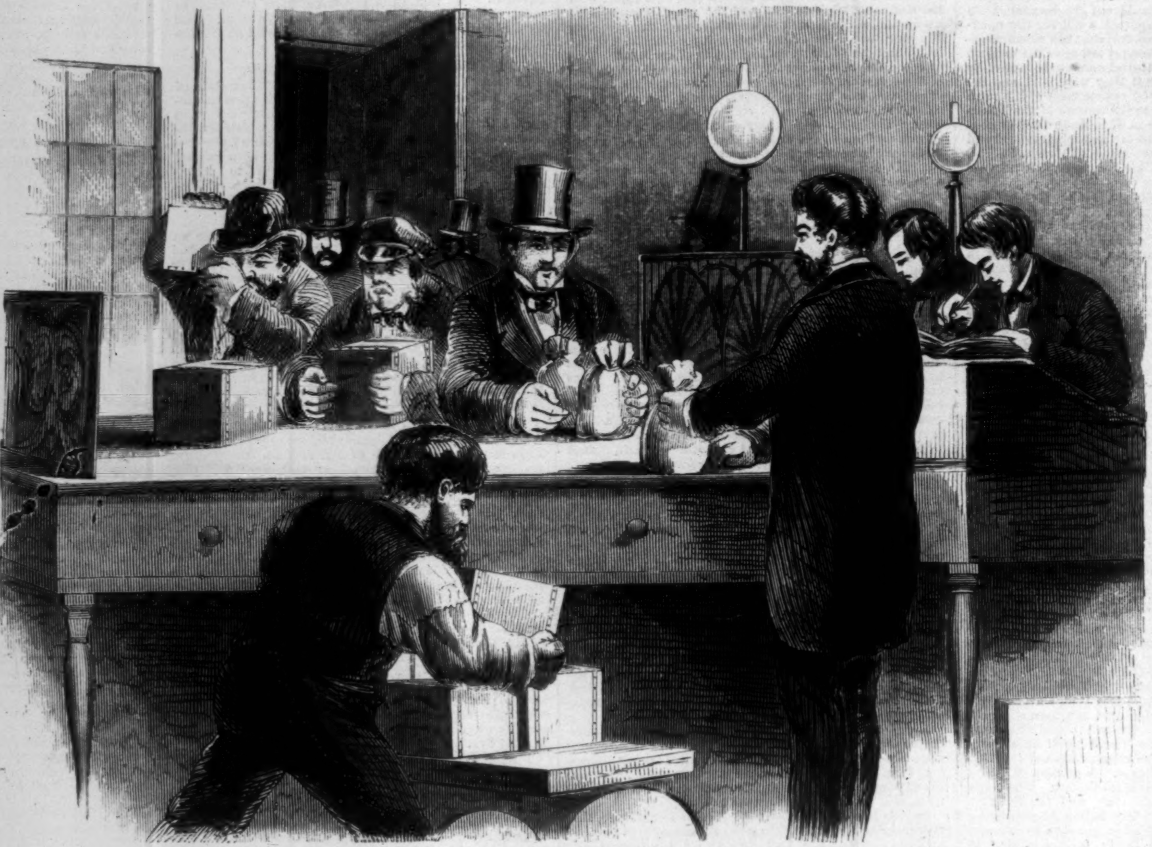
INDIA.

MORE BRITISH SUCCESSES.

The Calcutta *Englishman* publishes the following telegrams: "On the 17th inst. General Napier overtook the rebels under Ferozeshah at Ranode, and defeated them with great slaughter. The rebels were charged by the 14th Dragoons, who pursued them over a plain for eight miles. Captain Prettyjohn, of the Dragoons, wounded, no officers killed.

"On the 16th Brigadier Macduff pursued and drove from their position some 200 or 300 rebels under Binjone Singh, who were plundering a village in the vicinity of the Scinde river; several of the rebels were killed and wounded. Night prevented the brigadier from following the rebels further. They fled into the dense jungles in their rear. A force has been sent from Goonab, by Captain Mayne, toward Essanghur, the rebels under Ferozeshah being reported to be at Seenee, eight coss north of that place. Intelligence from Gwalior, just received, states that on the 17th Sir Robert Napier's force beat and pursued with slaughter, for eight miles, the rebels under Ferozeshah. Captain (?) Mintic, with fourteen dragoons, captured six elephants.

THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY AT NEW YORK.



THE SUB-TREASURY—PAYING IN THE LOAN.

Now that the United States are reduced to borrow money, and the newspapers are full of accounts of large sums paid in gold to the Sub-treasurer at New York, we have thought that an illustrated account of the Sub-treasury in this city would be both interesting and instructive. On calling upon Mr. Sub-treasurer Cisco, and stating our desire to make his office the subject of an article, we were received with a courteous welcome. Mr. Cisco regretted that the rooms occupied by his department and offices were not as large and commodious as they should be. At a glance it was easy to perceive that the area afforded by the building was miserably inadequate to the business transacted; and that, to avoid confusion, at least twice the space should be obtained. Still, such as it was, Mr. Cisco kindly offered to show us through his office, and to explain the functions of each officer.

Every one is aware that the crowning merit of Jackson's Presidency was the establishment of United States Sub-treasuries—in other words, the creation of Government offices for the deposit of Government funds, and the establishment of the national finances on a pure specie basis. At first the Sub-treasury system encountered great opposition.—The banks assailed it with venomous hostility. Politicians called it an engine of oppression. It survived these assaults; and now the unanimous verdict of the financial community is in its favor.

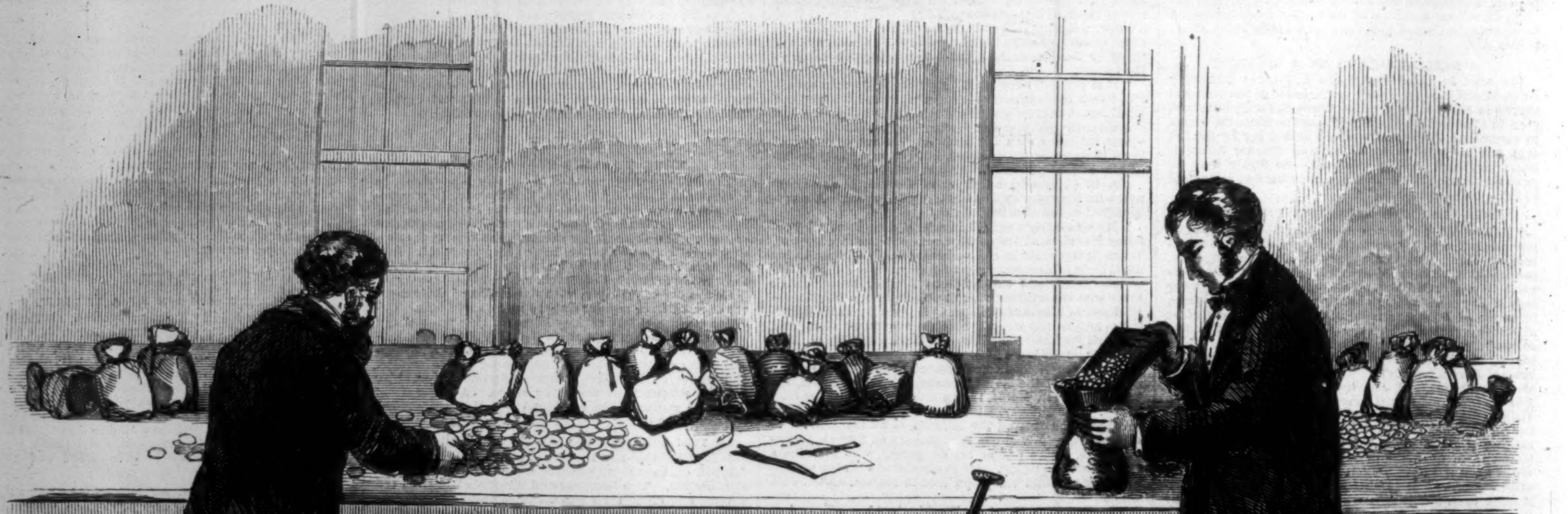
It is very simple in its operations. All the financial business of the Government is conducted on a specie basis. No bank-note, however meritorious, ever enters the national coffers. Custom-house, Land-office, and Post-office pay their receipts into the nearest Sub-treasury or depository in coin; and in coin all the officers of the United States—from the President to the poorest tide-waiter—are paid. In flush times, when the importations are large and immigration copious, the receipts into the Sub-treasury overload its vaults; when trade is checked, coin flows out of the Sub-treasuries into the banks. Experience has proved that, so far from being hurtful to the banks or the commercial community, as was at first apprehended, the Sub-treasury system has, in fact, proved a valuable auxiliary to both, by accumulating coin in times of bank expansion, and disbursing it when a bank contraction was necessary.

The award of the late loan afforded us an opportunity of studying the *modus operandi* of the Sub-treasury. An average of perhaps $200,000 a day has been lately paid into the Sub-treasury on account of the loan. This is paid in gold coin freshly taken from the banks. It is customary to put up this coin in bags of $5000 each; and when large sums are to be paid four of these bags are put in a box. Our illustrations depict bags and boxes; one of the accompanying pictures represents the actual payment of sums of money on account of the loan.

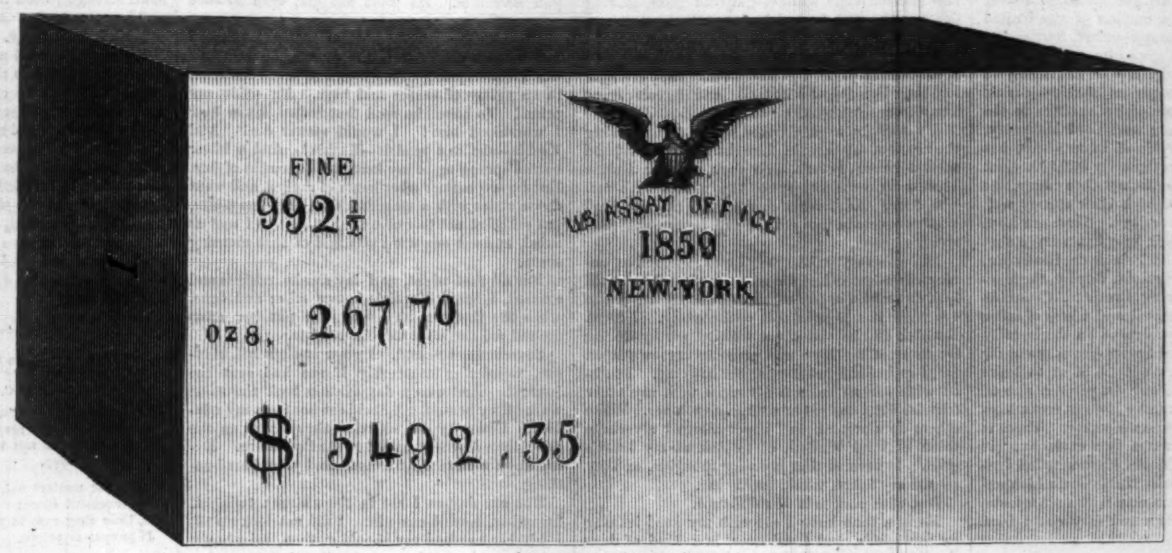
When money is received at the Sub-treasury it is straightway handed to Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., to be counted and tested. The bags are emptied upon a counter—one of our engravings gives a fair representation of the scene—and these gentlemen proceed to count. It seems a very simple thing to count a few thousand dollars in gold coin. It is, in fact, so difficult a matter to do so, for the service of the United States Sub-treasury, that, in the language of the head of the office, to succeed in the business a man must be born with the requisite faculty, and must have improved his natural capacity by experience. For the difficulty of detecting spurious or imperfect coins is immense. It is not generally known—but it is nevertheless strictly true—that the banks and specie-brokers are in the habit of taking counterfeit or imperfect coins. We all read the other day the story of a Troy Bank President who brought to this city, in his trunk, $20,000 in counterfeit bills on his bank without suspecting their genuineness. There is just as much error afloat with regard to coins; so much science and skill are now devoted to the imitation of specie that, in the language of Mr. Cisco, to detect counterfeits a man needs to have been born with an eye, an ear, and a touch adapted for the business, and, further, to have improved these senses by large practice. Every one can tell by "the ring" a base metal coin from a silver or gold one. But to distinguish the ring of silver from that of gold—to detect unlawful alloy in a piece which really contains a large proportion of gold—to discover a piece that has been sweated, or filed, or bored, or disemboweled—needs no common tact.

The gentlemen who do the counting for the Sub-treasury count with both hands. When a $5000 bag is emptied before them, they plunge both hands simultaneously into the glittering mass, and withdraw each with a coin between the thumb and forefinger. Their sense of ear is so acute that if, in pouring out the contents of a bag, a spurious coin happens to strike against the counter, they will detect and denounce it though they may happen to be many yards distant. For the proportion of alloy they rely in some degree on the eye, which is so trained that the least imperfection is at once discovered. It is the sense of touch which serves to detect sweated or filed coins.

Latterly spurious gold coins have generally belonged to one of two kinds. They have either been sweated by a new process or they have been disemboweled. The new sweating process consists in filing off the edges of the coin and then remilling it. The old sweating plan was simply to rub the face of the coin on a file till it was smooth; this method is now obsolete, as even the banks will not take a sweated piece. But by taking an eagle and filing off the milled edge carefully a rogue may, if he be careful, get $1 50 worth of gold from a $20 piece, and, by remilling it with care, may leave it so perfect that it is impossible for a person not trained to the business to detect the fraud. These coins are instantly detected at the Sub-treasury and rejected. The disemboweling process is different. A short time since some ingenious counterfeiters undertook to make money by sawing dollar coins in two, scooping out the inside, filling the hollows with base metal, and rejoining the pieces with such skill that no trace of the operation was outwardly visible. This was done with the small thick dollars issued by the mint to a very great extent. Sixty cents of gold was taken from each dollar, and many thousand dollars were subjected to the process. Many of these disemboweled dollars are in circulation at the present moment. At the Sub-treasury the skilled ear and hand of Mr. Birdsall and his assistant quickly detect them. Larger coins are not split. By an ingenious contrivance a hole is bored into their edge, and the inside is scooped out without abrading the milling. After a third or so of the gold is abstracted the cavity is filled with base metal, the opening is galvanized with gold, and the



THE SUB-TREASURY—COUNTING THE GOLD.



A GOLD BRICK—ACTUAL SIZE.

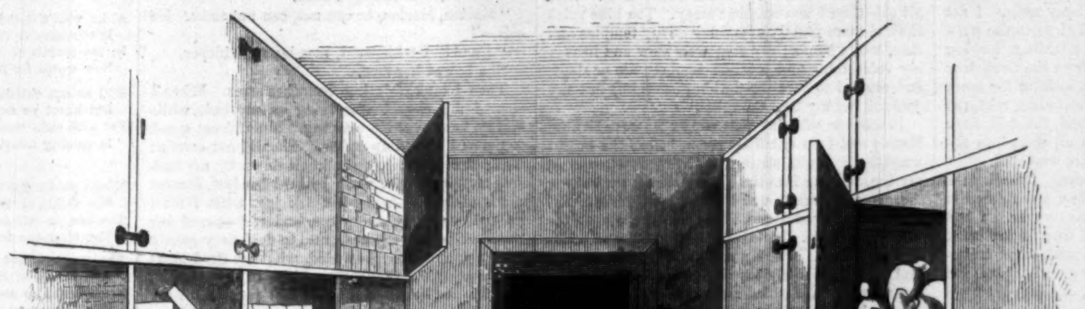
piece is set in circulation. These coins are so difficult to distinguish from coins fresh from the mint that there are not half a dozen persons in the United States who can discern that they have been tampered with. Mr. Birdsall, we are told, singles them out with unerring accuracy; and, to the amazement of the bank from which they came, rejects them. A few weeks since the police were set on the track of a woman who was engaged in passing coins altered in this way. One of the most acute detectives was set on her track, and every license was afforded her in order, if possible, to discover the factory where the nice operation of boring and filling these coins was performed. Unfortunately, some zealous but thick-headed policeman got wind of the lady's performances, and, by arresting her prematurely, defeated the aims of his superior officer.

Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., count several hundred thousand dollars every day. When they have gone through a bag, they shovel the coins into the funnel depicted in our illustration, and transfer them to a bag, which is instantly tied and sealed, not to be opened till its contents are required for disbursement.

Specie is kept in the Sub-treasury in various shapes. Gold and silver coins are kept in bags. But the bulk of the bullion is in the shape of "bricks." These are solid pieces of metal in the form of small oblong blocks. We engrave herewith the largest of these "bricks." It is worth $5492 35, and is of the size of the engraving. Other bricks are made of various sizes, down as low, we believe, as $200. These last bricks, which one can take between the finger and thumb and stow away as conveniently as a tooth-pick in the waistcoat pocket, ought to be more generally used than they are by travelers. A couple of hundred dollars in coin is an awkward sum to carry in the purse or on the person; in the shape of a Treasury "brick," it can be carried more conveniently than a watch.

In the Sub-treasury vault, of which we give herewith a graphic illustration, these bricks and bags are ranged in rows. A common man is not a little amazed to find himself in a room the walls of which are, literally, solid gold. But there they stand—the gold bricks—as close as they can pack, each of them worth from $5000 to $1000. A shelf of such bricks is a large fortune. A cupboard, such as is represented in our illustration, would set up a millionaire. It will be noticed that several cupboard doors are represented in the engraving closely sealed. Only a few out of the number are kept open for disbursements; most of them are closed, and sealed with the seal of the department. Enough of them, however, are left open to bewilder the gaze of visitors, and to remind one of the tales of the Arabian Nights.

The New York Sub-treasury is, in fact, the Government Bank. There are other Sub-treasuries, and the Government has a trifle of money at Washington. But the real business of the Government is done at New York. Almost all the public salaries are paid by drafts on New York. Nearly all the depositories are supplied with coin by transfer drafts on New York. Army, Navy, Civil and Diplomatic service, contractors and Congressmen—all, with few exceptions, obtain their pay from hence. Among other public servants who are paid here, is the President. Mr. Pierce always drew his monthly drafts on the Sub-treasury here. Mr. Buchanan is too busy a man to think of his own salary. He has appointed his Secretary, J. Buchanan Henry, special agent to draw his salary; and this gentleman's drafts for $2083 odd cents arrive at Mr. Cisco's office on a fixed day each month, with mathematical regularity. These are small drafts. Mr. Cisco is not unaccustomed to receive drafts for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Once, indeed, he was called upon to pay a little government check of no less an amount than seven millions of dollars in one sum, for the Mexican indemnity. The piece of paper on which it was drawn was no bigger or more distinguished in any way than a draft for a month's salary of a Government clerk.



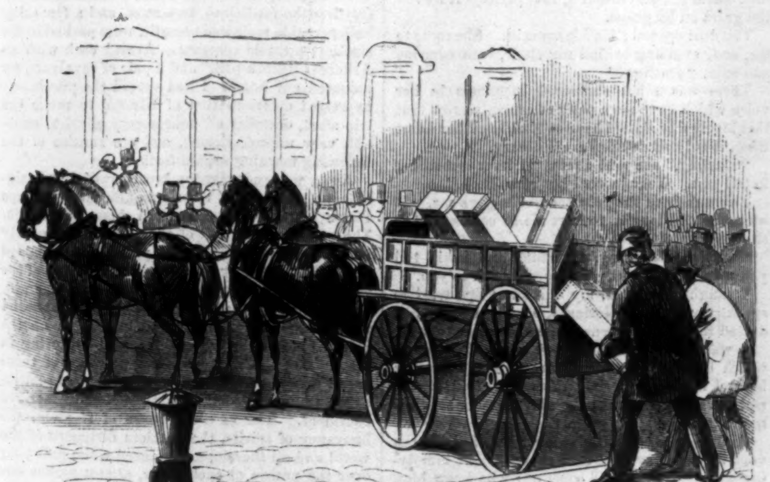
THE SUB-TREASURY VAULT—GOLD BRICKS AND BAGS.

It may be remarked, in connection with these drafts, that such is the system with which the New York Sub-treasury is conducted, and such the skill and exactitude of Mr. Russell, the paying agent, and Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., the clerks who count the receipts, that never since Mr. Cisco's appointment has an error of a dollar been committed in the accounts. A business of over two hundred millions a year is done; over eight hundred drafts are received, on the average, every day; but never, since Mr. Cisco had the management of the office, has a bad coin been taken, or a short payment been credited, or a forged or incorrect draft been cashed. It is not saying too much to add, that there is not a bank in the city of which as much could be stated.

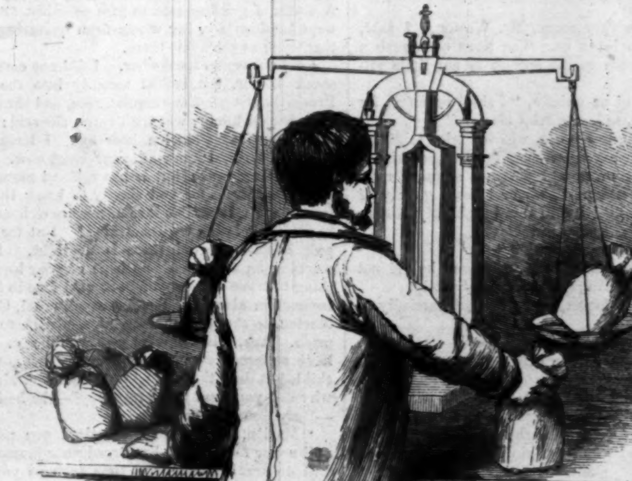
Not the least curious desk in the Sub-treasury is that of the clerk who pays the interest on the public debt. The coupons and interest on about seven-eighths of the debt of the United States are paid at the Sub-treasury in New York. As is known, part of this debt is in the shape of coupon bonds, payable to bearer; the balance is in the shape of an "inscribed" debt, on which the interest is payable to parties whose names are entered on the great rolls at Washington. Every six months the names of these parties are written out in a book at Washton, and sent here to serve as a guide to the sub-treasurer.

These books are a curious study. Many of the names which they contain are household words. Some are the names of Europeans: others of West Indians, and even Asiatics.—Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in Continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the names of John J. Astor, Wm. B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in a list of creditors of the United States; but they and their countrymen are in a minority. The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone (the famous Jones Loyd), who has lent this country no less than $350,000. A Spanish lady, Merced de Layseca, is our creditor to the tune of $200,000; and a noble friend of hers, the Count Casa Montalvo y Castillo draws six per cent. on $100,000. Several persons connected with the royal families of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples took $50,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends as they accrued in the same security; he now owns over $75,000. His niece, the daughter of Bomba, is registered as a creditor for over $50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in United States Sixes to save the Count of Paris from being compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school; several of the Saxe Coburg Gothas have also invested in the same security.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country, while he was here, to invest a few thousand in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothschilds, both of London and Paris;



SHIPPING SPECIE TO THE INTERIOR.



TESTING THE BAGS BY WEIGHT.

but it is curious to note that the famous publisher, Panckouke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States, and that the dramatic author, Scribe, has also invested enough to give him nearly 10,000 francs a year. A careful study of democracy in America appears to have persuaded Monsieur de Tocqueville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our Government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle of some $5000, has since increased his venture to nearly $30,000. But we should never end if we attempted to enumerate all the great people who think their money well placed in United States securities. Here are Lord Dundonald, the great sailor, who has a large sum for a son of Neptune; the Prince de Beauveau, the Count de Narbonne, Sir John Bayley, the Marquis of Champagne, Baring Brothers, Count de Beaumont, General Zermoloff, and a host of other titled people who, perhaps, depend on the honesty and solvency of the United States Government for a living. Lord Elgin saw enough of us to leave $17,500 of his savings in our six per cents; and the famous Russian, Alexandre Herzen, has a bagatelle of $60,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus: Baron Louis Numa Epaminondas Justinian Aristides Decius Salis Haldenstein Lichtenstein Grotenstein. Fancy a man with such a name drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States!

DID SHE LOVE HIM?

It was a dreary November day. The rain fell unceasingly on the ground, carpeted with sere, dead leaves. A chilly dampness was in the air. The bare branches of the maple-tree, whose short-lived crimson beauty had left it, stood up before my window like prison bars, so unlike the bright leafy lattice-work that but a few weeks before kept the too warm beams of the sun from my room. I sat by the window, my face pressed close to the pane on which the rain-drops were trickling, looking down the long walk which led from the front door to the street, just as I had been looking for more than an hour. I did not see the falling rain, the wet brown leaves upon the ground, the dull, dark sky, but the dreariness of them all crept into my heart unawares, and made it more wretched.

For he had gone—had left me. He whom I loved better than life, better than any thing but my own selfish pride, had left me forever. I had loved him for months. He had been in my heart day and night. I had watched with eager happiness every sign and token of his growing love, and yet I had never, by word, look, or deed, betrayed the secret of my own.

It was my nature to be reserved—to shut up my heart from every one—to hide my thoughts and feelings; and, however stormily they might rage below, to wear up above a calm and unmoved face. Even when a little child I used, when heart-full of some child-joy or bitter baby-grief, to walk with grave, quiet air from those who were watching me, till out of their sight, when I would throw myself on the ground, and laugh or sob out the feelings I would not have others know of. And when older it was always so, until not even my nearest friends dreamed of my being otherwise than the cold and quiet girl I seemed.

So when I had given my whole heart to him, loving him with all the depth of woman's love, I shut up the secret away from every one, and was outwardly indifferent to him.

That he loved me I knew. That he watched me closely to see if by slightest sign I gave him encouragement to woo me, I knew too. But that sign I never gave. "I will never show him that I love him," I said to myself, "till he asks me to be his wife."

So I closed my heart, and was always cold and calm when with him. As the days went by I seemed to grow colder and more distant, yet my love for Paul grew greater. I shrank from all his attentions, and turned haughtily away from every look and word of love.

I saw that I was grieving him, yet I was firm, and drew my pride closely about me. At last even his loving, hoping heart could see no light or hope. So he came to me that dreary autumn day to tell me that he was going away to seek a home and fortune. He told me, scanning my face eagerly to see if even then I might not show some sign of love, some sorrow at his departure. But I listened quietly.

"I shall be very sorry, Mr. Weston," I said, "to have you leave us. You have been such a pleasant addition to the society of our little village."

He answered as quietly, "I shall be sorry, for many reasons, to leave, Miss Marion."

Then there was a pause, which I tried to fill by saying, "I hope you will not forget your friends here, Mr. Weston, or our pleasant summer rambles, picnics, and parties—our intense gayety of the last season." I said this laughingly, but he replied gravely, sadly,

"I shall not forget, Marion."

He had never called me so before; he did not mean to then. He repeated, half absently,

"I shall not forget," then started hurriedly to his feet.

"Must you go so soon?" I asked. "Can you spare me but this little call before you go so far away?"

"I had best go now," he said; "it will do no good to stay. If I lingered to say all that my heart wishes to speak it might possibly destroy our friendship, and would certainly give us no nearer, dearer tie in its place."

He said this hastily, as though he could not help it; said it half to himself. Then he held out his hand, took mine, looked one instant with his sad, earnest eyes into my face, said, in a low voice, a "Good-by!" which seemed at once a prayer, a benediction, and a lament, and was gone.

I stole up stairs to my room, sat there with my face pressed close against the cold glass, looking down at the path he had just walked through, and trying to realize that he had gone forever.

Weeks passed away, and though I still wrapped myself in my pride, I grew pale and thin, my eyes lost their light, my lip its smile, and the color crept away from my cheek.

My parents were alarmed; and, not guessing the cause of my trouble, thought I was lonely, and needed young society. So they sent for Kathie Weston to come and spend the winter with me. She came. Kathie was my cousin; she was Paul Weston's cousin too, yet he and I were not relatives.

She was very unlike me; quick, impulsive, noble, warm-hearted, with no reserve. You could look down into her heart through her clear, brown eye when it met your own so fearlessly. I loved Kathie; and as she never wearied me by asking for more of my love, and pressing her own upon me, I rather enjoyed having her with me. I talked with her no more freely than with my other friends, but I *thought* more freely with her. When others were around me I never allowed myself to think of Paul Weston, or to look at my heart's grief. It seemed that my very thoughts, as they rose in my heart, would betray me.

But with Kathie it was different.

Many a time have I sat with my head leaning on my hands, and lived over, in a kind of day-dream, that parting with Paul, while Kathie sat silently by my side.

I kept a journal. What young girl is there, however reserved and unsocial, who has not some friend in whom to confide, if it be only a pet dog, a kitten, or a piece of blank paper?

Yes, I kept a journal, and the thoughts which no human being ever dreamed were mine were written down in that little book. And while I told it all my grief—all my bitter, hopeless loving—Kathie sat by, looked at me with her great brown eyes, and never asked to come between us. And all this time I was wasting away. The blue veins showed more plainly every day on my temples and thin, white hands; my step grew slow and heavy, my voice faint and low. I scarcely ate or slept, and seemed to care for nothing—nothing but my journal and my own thoughts.

It was one cold day that winter we were sitting, Kathie and I, in our little room, before the bright wood-fire. I was sitting, with hands clasped in my lap, looking into the blaze; she was watching me. My journal, in which I had been writing till, from very heartsickness, I laid it down, was on the floor by my side. Suddenly Kathie rose and walked toward me. I did not look up. She stooped and took from the floor my journal. Still I did not move. Going back to her chair, still holding the book, she sat down and said, "Marion!"

I looked up.

"This is your journal—the one friend who knows all your secrets—knows what is stealing away your health and life, what has taken the color from your cheek, the smile and brightness from your face! This is the one friend who takes the place of us—your father, your mother, and me—in your heart. I have taken it from you. I shall know all this book knows. I will not let you shut yourself away from us. You shall not suffer alone. I will learn your disease, and cure you, or help you bear the pain. You are too proud and calm to take the book away or plead for it. I shall take advantage of that phase of your character, and read this record."

She opened the book. I did not move or speak. She was right in one thing—I was too proud to show that I cared for what she did. I watched her. She began, and read slowly on. I kept pace with her. I knew just when she was reading of my happiness, and when of my grief. There she smiled—ah! yes, that was at my merry account of a ride with Paul! There she held her breath, turned pale, then drawing a sigh of relief, read on—that was when I fell from the bridge and Paul rescued me! Now her cheek flushed, her hands clasped each other nervously, her breath came short and quick—ah! 'tis of my love she is reading now! How does she understand it so well? Did she ever love? There, she is sympathizing with him now! Her eye flashes an indignant glance at me over the book; then she reads quickly on. She does not smile, blush, or start again, but reads quietly to the end.

Then she shut up the journal, came and laid it down in my lap, dropped on her knees, and laying her head down on the book, burst into tears. A storm of grief seemed to pass over her, and she wept passionately, her whole form quivering and throbbing as she knelt there.

I did not try to soothe her. I did not caress or speak to her, but looked moodily into the fire. Presently she grew more quiet, rose, and throwing back her dark hair, wet with tears, she said:

"Now, Cousin Marion, hear me. I have read your journal. I know all your heart now. You have suffered much, but *he* has suffered more. Is it not happiness for you simply to know that he loves you? Is not his love a treasure rich enough to fill a whole life with sunshine? But for him, poor hopeless lover! there is no light. He is working on alone, with no hope of your love, nothing but the memory of your cold face to be his companion always. You are cruel, cruel, Cousin Marion, to sacrifice his happiness, his life to your pride. Yes, I know what you would say. You have suffered too. You have, my poor, proud child, but does that help him? Marion, Marion, why did you send him away, my"—she hesitated—"my Cousin Paul?"

"Marion, I have done one deed you perhaps will never forgive. I have read your journal. I will do another deed, and then perhaps you will hate me." She stepped to me and took the journal again.

"I will send this to Paul Weston! There, you start. I have roused you a little. I shall hurt your pride sorely, but I can not help it." Here her voice softened down into a low, pleading tone. "He must see this, Marion. He must know that you love him. He must not die, even to save your pride."

With the book clasped to her bosom she turned and walked slowly from the room. As soon as I was alone I sprang to my feet, and paced the room in an agony of shame and rage. My pride, my pride! To have him read that record, know how I worshiped him! I would sooner die! And Kathie—she had read it—Kathie! And a bitter hatred sprang up in my heart as I thought of her. But I grew calmer after hours of raging, and went down stairs with a steadfast face, and lips white, but schooled not to quiver. Kathie and I met as usual, and not one word was said of that morning scene.

But all that night, as I lay awake restless and excited, I heard Kathie's heavy sobs; and once, when she thought me asleep, she put her arms around me and drew me close to her.

Several days passed. I grew restless and nervous, wondering constantly if she had sent the journal. And every day Kathie took the same walk all by herself. I could see her from my window. Down by the old elm, then across to the pond, then down the street to the Post-office. Every day for more than a week, and yet I heard nothing.

But one day as I sat in the autumn twilight, dreaming, Kathie came in. I did not look up till I felt her hand on my shoulder, then, raising my eyes, I saw her. She was standing before me, her brown eyes full of a solemn, tender pity, her face and lips colorless.

"Kathie!" I cried, in sudden awe and terror.

She knelt down by me, took my trembling hands in her own, bent her cold brow on them for a moment, then cried out "Oh, Marion, do not send me away now. Let me comfort you. Let me pray God for you."

I knew it all then. I felt it in the very touch of her hand, saw it in her pitying eyes.

"He will not come," I said.

"Marion, Marion, he can not, can not come. He—is—"

"Dead!" I whispered, in a hoarse whisper.

She bowed her face.

Then I sank, fainting, from her arms. When I opened my eyes I was lying on my bed, while Kathie bent over me weeping. She did not speak to me as I looked up at her. She did not comfort me in that way; but she knelt down by my bedside and prayed for me. I heard her low, earnest voice pleading—heard her ask just what I most needed, strength, and peace, and rest—heard her beg God to be very near me, to deal very gently with me, and then she added, what my tired heart was longing for, that He would let Paul know that I had loved him. With that last petition all my pride left me, and as Kathie rose I drew her down and kissed her. Then suddenly pushing her away I cried out in bitter anguish, "Dead! how could he die without knowing of my love! Dead! had *I* killed him?" and growing wild with grief, I said that I was his murderer, and shrieked aloud in delirious agony. For many days I lay thus, a raging fever burning in my veins. All the time I raved wildly of his pale, sad face that always haunted me. Then came days of consciousness, when I lay, knowing all around me, remembering every thing, and yet so utterly weak in mind and body that I could not feel grief or joy. And in those dreamy days I could see Kathie always near me, caring tenderly for all my wants, though I had not strength to thank her. I had afterward a dream-like recollection of hearing her, once when she thought me asleep, murmur as she bent over me, "If you only knew, my poor Marion!—if you only knew!" But it was a very dreamy memory.

My strength gradually came back to me, but not my pride. That was all gone, and I lay humbled and subdued, while Kathie was all my strength.

But, ah! how dreary it was to see the spring coming on, to watch the bursting buds of the maple at my window, to see the tender grass springing, to hear the birds singing their glad songs, when he was gone forever.

One year ago we watched the coming spring together; he so full of life and happiness, of tender love for me, I so cold and proud. Now the ice had melted from my heart, but he was gone. How I longed for one hour with the dead one—only one hour, in which I might lavish all my love upon him without stint or saving.

It was a mild day in April. I was sitting up. Kathie had drawn my chair to the window and left me alone. And there I sat, drinking in the soft, warm air, and thinking that perhaps it waved the grass on *his* grave.

The door opened; Kathie came in. She came to me, and, standing behind my chair, bent over me and said, "Darling!"

There was a half-expressed happiness in her voice which gave me a pang of selfish sorrow that this lovely day should have so gladdened her heart when it only made mine more dreary.

"Darling," she said again, "I have something to tell you. Your journal has come back."

I shrank from the pain her words gave me. It was cruel, I thought, to hurt me so uselessly, but she went on, hurriedly.

"Marion, be strong, my child, and I will tell you who has brought your journal back to you."

I caught her hand, my quivering lips tried to speak, my eyes imploringly sought hers. She darted to the door, opened it, and *he* came to me!

I was in his arms, clasped to his dear heart, which beat with strong throbs against mine, the heart I had thought stilled forever. And Kathie stole away, leaving us to wonder together over our new happiness.

And then he told me his story; how he had been very ill, far away, and once they thought him dying and had written to some one who knew him, and that one had written to his friends that he was dead, and the truth never came until he came himself to say that he yet lived. And when Kathie's package reached him it was worn and torn and water-stained and wholly illegible, and yet he knew my handwriting, and knew there must be some strange reason for sending him those leaves, and he came back to me, and all was well.

Kathie went away.

"You do not need me now," she said, firmly resisting my entreaties that she would stay until my happiness should be complete. I shall never forget the strangely sweet and holy look her face wore as she bade Paul and me good-by. It was like the expression I have seen on the pictured faces of martyrs dying for the truth—calm, sad, but so triumphant. It haunted me for years, and I never knew what was the meaning of that countenance until, long afterward, our old maid cousin Kathie died, and by her own last written command they sent to Paul and me *her* journal, and then I knew it all. Oh, faithful, darling Kathie! faithful even unto the end!

MORTE.—PASSING AWAY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The death-bell is swelling, ask not whose knell telling,
  But kneel ye and pray;
The sad rhythmic roll tells some Christian soul
  Is passing away.

What caste matters not, the soul has forgot
  Its tenement since;
And little they care in realms of the air
  If pauper or prince.

The Paraclete pray, as Christ taught the way,
  But count ye no beads;
And vex not with show—crimped crape is not woe—
  Away with the weeds!

Tread softly and slow, speak gently and low,
  'Tis a couch that ye near:
Our neighbor reposes; with June's freshest roses
  Entwine ye the bier.

No need of vain weeping, the wearied is sleeping,
  And happy his lot!
Have done with misgiving—pray, but pray for the living,
  The dead need it not.

Alike with the sod the mantle of God
  Is thrown o'er the sleeper;
In the portals of Morn an angel new born
  Now weeps for the weeper.

Still swings the death-bell! ask not whose the knell,
  But kneel ye and pray;
For with each measured roll some good Christian soul
  Is passing away.

In Morte Vita.

Mourn ye for the bride, when, wooed from thy side,
  She stands by the Groom?
The one ye call dead has gone to be wed—
  The altar the tomb.

The swart-visaged Night is usher of Light,
  And herald of Morn;
From darkness and fear, a pall and a tear,
  The Dayspring is born.

The diamond once hid by earth's coffined lid
  Is freed from its clay,
Transfigured to gem a King's diadem—
  It "passed" not "away."

Who wails the decree that sets the gem free,
  Its prison-bed riven?
Is death not a birth? say not "Last of Earth,"
  But write First of Heaven.

Oh! strangely mistaken, a truth bids us waken,
  An error is rife;
Bewildered by breath, we call the change Death
  Which angels name Life.

I MAKE A PRE-EMPTION.

I had read, re-read, in fact committed to memory, the contents of the few elementary treatises and odd volumes of reports composing my law-library. My coat and pants were polished by the constant friction of chair and table. I was weary of conducting imaginary cases.

No wonder, therefore, that I at once acceded to the proposition of my friend Nimrod, who burst in upon me one morning in the spring of 185–, with the exclamation:

"What's the use of fooling away your time here! I've just heard of a vacant quarter of splendid timber, up in Minnesota, near magnificent prairie. Now's your chance to make a pile! Go up with me and make a claim, and I'll give you half."

I consigned the knotty point I had been endeavoring for several days to whittle out of Cruise and Hilliard to the father of lies and lawyers, shook hands with friend Nimrod in testimony of the contract being signed, sealed, and delivered, and proceeded to purchase the necessary outfit.

Ham, flour, coffee, sugar, salt, a bottle of whisky (rattlesnake medicine), two axes, and a few other indispensable tools and utensils, were packed in the smallest possible compass. Armed each with an Arkansas "tooth-pick" and a pair of revolvers, we mounted our horses (I had vetoed the previously expressed determination of Nimrod to make the trip afoot, deeming all unnecessary physical exertion very unprofessional), and ere sunrise of the following morning sallied forth.

Away we sped over the broad prairie, an insignificant spot in the most magnificent landscape Dame Nature ever sent forth from her studio. The ever-changing roll of the prairie, now gently undulating, now bluff and precipitous, studded with islets of timber; the innumerable hues of the grass, ranging from pale yellow to deep emerald, variegated with the brilliant colors of a thousand wild flowers, harmonizing and blending with the *intense* blue of the atmosphere, and glittering in the rays of the rising sun—it was one of those grand master-pieces the Divine Artist has scattered with unsparing hand over the North American continent. The exulting sense of freedom, the buoyancy of spirits, the reckless disregard of the world and all therein, experienced while galloping over the prairie at such times, almost makes one resolve never again to fetter himself with the spirit-crushing, soul-deadening ties of civilized life.

We designed stopping for the night at the cabin of a squatter friend of Nimrod. Sunset and no cabin, with every indication of an approaching thunder-storm. Minutes were precious. The ominous mutterings of the thunder and the subdued moaning of the wind warned us to flee to a shelter. But where was that desideratum to be found? A dense mass of *black* clouds came rolling up from the northwest with tremendous velocity. Nimrod, turning to me, exclaimed,

"The curtain will rise in a moment! We shall have the witch scene in Macbeth—blasted heath, thunder, lightning, rain, and— Here it comes!"

Reader, station yourself on the bumper of an express locomotive running sixty miles an hour, and you have the force of the wind. Stand under the Falls of Niagara, and you may *possibly* appreciate how the rain *poured* upon us. Blinded and half-suffocated, we had but one course to pursue—turn tail to the storm, pull our blankets over our heads, and, in the classic parlance of my friend Nimrod, "let her slide!" We remained thus a sufficient length of time to become thoroughly soaked, when there came a blinding flash, followed instantly by a report as of the explosion of four hundred powder magazines. My horse gave one plunge—there was a miscellaneous scattering of my personal effects—I lay upon my back in the wet grass. Springing to my feet, one glance, I realized my *romantic* situation. Nimrod and the horses were not to be seen. I was alone—lost on the prairie—the darkness palpable—a terrible storm raging. The flashes of lightning were incessant. Forked, chain, sheet, and then a mingling of all three. The sharp, rattling peals of thunder, followed by deep, heavy reverberations, rolling around, across, up, down, and in every conceivable direction, shook and jarred the firm-set earth like an earthquake. It seemed as though the Gods and Titans had renewed hostilities, and that some Titanic Bragg was putting in a "little more grape" at every discharge. Poets and romancers may wax eloquent over the grandeur and beauty of a thunder-storm; five minutes in my position, at this particular time, would have sufficed to wash the poetry and romance out of them. I *may* have indulged, at intervals, in short naps; for, ere I was conscious of it, the storm was over, the *blessed* daylight had made its appearance, and, to my great joy, I discovered Nimrod, with the horses, galloping over the prairie and yelling like a madman. Our explanations were mutually satisfactory. The damage was trifling; and, with a hearty laugh at our "adventure," we "pushed ahead."

Night again found us on the prairie. Not a cabin in sight. We concluded to camp out. The grass was our couch, a blanket our covering. I was first awake in the morning, and while searching after materials wherewith to kindle a fire, discovered, to my horror, a large yellow rattlesnake, coiled and asleep, almost upon the blanket of the unconscious Nimrod. Here *was* a fix. The slightest movement on the part of my friend would be undoubtedly his last of earth. Prairie life teaches one to think quickly and accurately, to act promptly, to do the right thing at the right moment. There was one chance of saving my friend. I stepped cautiously to his side, suddenly grasped him, and with a powerful jerk threw him at least ten feet from his snakeship. There was a loud hiss—a rattle—and the reptile was harmless. Nimrod commenced swearing at me—caught sight of the dead monster, and then fairly shook with terror. It was a narrow escape—a decidedly tight squeeze, as Nimrod afterward remarked. We swallowed a thimbleful of the medicine and sprang into our saddles, not caring to remain in such an unpleasant neighborhood.

We soon reached the timber, and without difficulty found our quarter. It was still vacant, so we immediately commenced the erection of our cabin. Said cabin was finished about sundown—was of no known order of architecture—scarcely large enough to allow Nimrod and myself to sit in it at the same time—had neither door nor window—was not chinked—we were not obliged to step out of doors to look at the stars, and had no fear of dirtying the floor. Our furniture consisted of two saddles, two blankets, a frying pan, coffee-pot, and two tin cups. It was all that was necessary, however, for a month's residence, and would answer the requirements of the pre-emption act. Unused to manual labor, as a trophy of my day's work my face, hands, and feet were blistered, and I was so lame and sore it was with difficulty I assisted Nimrod in preparing supper. We were both very awkward cooks. The flour and water (we were trying to make biscuit) would burn to a cinder—the ham would drop into the fire. I unfortunately sat down on a live coal, and Nimrod brushed one into his pocket.

Next morning we made preparations for clearing the requisite half acre and building a rod or two of fence. In answer to a querry of mine, Nimrod said:

"Now don't be green! The law requires a house. *There it is!* Ha! ha! Half an acre of clearing and breaking."

"How are we to do the breaking?"

"I'll manage that! Two axes and stout arms can break this turf, and a rod of fence will go as far in an affidavit as a mile."

"But how are we to get around the speculating? We must swear that we are *bona fide* settlers—that we have no intention to sell this land on speculation?"

"Never you mind; I'm making this claim, and I intend *to do the swearing.*"

We worked steadily on our claim during the week. No plantation negro ever endured more toil and privation. One evening, after supper, as reclining upon the roof of our cabin we were enjoying a smoke, a strange, savage-looking being approached, and with a "How are ye, strangers?" made himself very much at home. The appearance of the gentleman was not prepossessing: long matted hair and beard of the color of rusted iron, a rim of felt on his head (once a hat), ragged, dirty—*very* dirty—shirt and overalls, and a pair—no! a quarter of a pair—of what once had been boots. The expression of his countenance was— Well, I thought of the hangman, and involuntarily grasped my revolver.

"Makin' a claim, are ye, boys?"

"Yes."

"Mighty nice piece of timber, this 'ere. Wo'th twenty-five dollars an acre ef it's wo'th a cent."

"Yes, *Sir!*" quoth Nimrod.

"I'm pre-emptin' the quarter j'inin' ye. I've got a half jist above, and a quarter t'other side there."

"You must have done some tall swearing, stranger."

"They can't fool me on provin' up! I know a feller down near the line got ten forties all at onst. He managed it slick, too. All ye got to do is to swear right straight through, and I'd like to see enny body trouble ye! If he did, he'd hev to leave mighty sudden. This climate wouldn't agree with 'im! But that ain't what I'm come to tell ye. There's trubble brewin', an' I thought I'd give ye fair warnin'. There's some fellers above here gwine to jump your claim. They're powerful wrathy, and ef ye don't leave, will use ye rather ha'sh."

"You tell them fellers," said Nimrod, "to jump ahead whenever they're ready. I've made this claim, and I'll hold it."

"Well," replied the stranger, "I've did my duty; I've given ye fair warnin'. You kin go or stay; it's nothin' to me."

And we were relieved of the stranger's presence.

"That old scoundrel is at the bottom of this," said Nimrod. "We must prepare for trouble."

We carefully fastened the horses near the door of the cabin, and looked at the priming of our revolvers ere we turned in for the night.

The following morning we were absent from the cabin cutting rail timber. On our return we discovered that the "jumpers" had commenced operations. They had stolen every bit of our provisions, and all our cooking utensils.

We conjugated the verb swear, adding thereto several moods and tenses not laid down in the books; but that did not help us. We must go after provisions. I did not know the way, and declared I would not remain alone in the cabin. So we went together. We returned about dusk. Our cabin was a mass of smouldering embers. As if to prevent any doubts as to the authors of this outrage, we were greeted, as we came to a halt in front of the smoking ruins, with laughter and jeers by a crowd of invisible ruffians.

"It's no use, strangers," yelled one; "you've had two fair warnin's. The next one will be a rope or a chunk of lead. Will you leave now?"

"See you d——d first!" shouted Nimrod, drawing his revolver. I did the same.

Crack went a pistol, the ball whistling disagreeably near our heads. We instantly backed our horses into the shadow of the trees, as it was evident the scoundrels intended to murder us.

"The rascals are in earnest," said Nimrod. "We will have to give it up; they are too many for us."

"Is there no law to protect us?"

"Lynch law—nothing else—and we'll get a taste of it in a few minutes, I'm thinking. Look out! here they come! Pick your man, and then ride for your life!"

As the foremost ones rushed into the light of the burning cabin we fired. Two dropped. Amidst a volley of balls, curses, and execrations, we were off. It was a wild, breakneck race through the timber. Unharmed, we reached the prairie, but never drew rein until we halted at the door of the squatter's cabin.

I shall make no more pre-emptions, that's certain. My brief experience in the matter constrains me to believe that a portion of the sovereigns of this great republic, acting in the belief that corporations and governments have no souls, pay very little attention to their own, and stand greatly in need of the services of a missionary. And, furthermore, that many of the public servants, either through ignorance or knavery, often suffer the government to be outrageously cheated and swindled.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

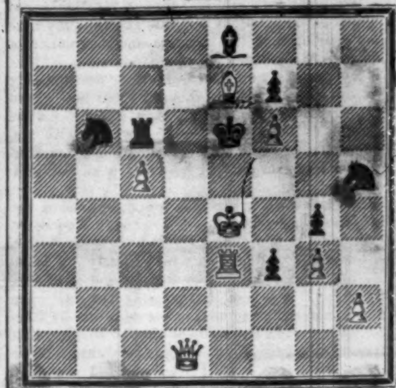
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JACOBUS." Yours of the 9th has just reached us. Had your other letter come to hand we should, of course, have made a *note* of it. As things are, our friends in general, in place of "Black mates in six moves," appended to game given in last week's *Harper*, will please read, "Black wins."——"CYGNET" (Detroit). We have much pleasure in giving you your first *Diagram*. The more so that we have hopes from this, your earliest production, that with due perseverance you may rank ere long among our best contributors.——S. K. S. (Springfield, Ill.). Both parties being willing, second player may give checkmate in two moves.——J. S. M. (Tiffin, O.). According to our style of annotation, each piece is represented by its initial letter, "Kt" standing for Knight. "K P" means King's Pawn, so called from having first stood in front of King. The same principle holding good, of course, with "Kt's P," "Q's," etc. "K 4" means the fourth square from that where the King is situated on commencing play. "K B 7" means the seventh square counting from that on which the King's Bishop then stood, etc.——F. H. M. (Charleston). Theory good; but White may mate on second move (P to K 8, etc.).——R. F. M. (Boston). Very good, and quite worthy of a Diagram. As it is, consider yourself an *Enigma*. The above is likewise, most emphatically, applicable to "HARRY GREY." [The above was *set up* last week, but omitted for want of space.]——J. R. J. (Baltimore), "JED" (Danbury, Conn.), and S. P. (Lockport, N. Y.). Your solutions, out of about a bushel, are the only correct ones that we have received to King's Problem XIV. To No. XV. we have many; as, from "JED," J. R. J., S. L., F. A. S. (Cincinnati), L. W. H. (Kingsville, O.).——Dr. R. (Philadelphia). Your third letter received this moment. There is an imperfection, also, in your Problem LXIX. In place of six moves, with proper treatment, your patient's life can not be prolonged beyond five. Thus: 2. Kt to Q 5, disc. check. Black's best play is now, 2. R to B 3. Your Bishop next takes Rook, checking Black King; and on the fifth move *Soulouque* "*abdicates.*" Commend us to your friend "PATTERSON." We quite agree with you as to his capabilities.——W. P. (Wilmington, Del.). No. I. appears sound, but somewhat simple. No. II. admits of a very easy mate in three moves in place of four.

PROBLEM XVII.

BY "PATTERSON," OF PHILADELPHIA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

ENIGMA VI.

BY "GEDERA."

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

WHITE.—K at K B. Q at Q Kt. B's at K Kt 2 and Q 2. Kt at K R 5. P's at K Kt 5, K B 2, and K 2.

BLACK.—K at K R 7. Q at Q B 2. R's at K 3 and Q's sq. B at K B 3. Kt at Q B 8. P's at K R 4 and K B 5.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 7	P to B 3 (*)
2. Q to Q Kt 7	Any thing
3. Q checkmates	

(*) If in place of this move he should Queen his Pawn, you check him with Queen at K 5. If K to B 3, Q takes B P; and if B to B 3 or 5, Q to Q 5 (ch), etc. In either case giving mate on the third move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Kt 4	P to Kt 3 (*)
2. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt 3
3. R to R 5	K to B 3
4. R to R 6 checkmate	

(*) If P takes P, White plays R to Kt 5, and mates on the third move with Bishop. Again, should he move K to Kt 3, White continues, 2. B takes P (ch); when, if Black plays K to R 4, White moves B to R 7 (disc. ch), and next, B takes P checkmate; and if, for second move, Black plays K to B 3, White replies B to R 7, giving mate likewise on the fourth move with R at K B 5.

[The above-given solution, although perfectly sound, is not that contemplated by the author, that being as follows: 1. R to Q 5. 2. R to Q 6. 3. P to Q 7. 4. P to Q 8 becomes a Queen and checkmates. All Black's moves are forced.]

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to R 6	K to B 4
2. K to Q 7	K to B 3
3. B to B 8	K to B 4
4. K to K 7 disc checkmate	

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA IV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 6 (ch)	P to B 4
2. Q to Q 6	Q takes Q (*)
3. Kt to K B 6 (ch)	Q takes Kt
4. Kt to B 5 checkmate	

(*) If R from Kt 6 takes Q, White checks with Kt at Q 2, and mates with other Kt at B 6. If other R takes Q, the order of the Knight's checks is reversed, with a like result.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA V.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 6 (ch)	K to B 4
2. Q takes Kt	

Black has now a choice of many moves: but, play as he may, the mate is inevitable on White's second from this point. Should he check with Rook, White interposes Bishop, discovering check, when the mate is simple. If Kt to K 3, White's third move would be Q to Q 5 (ch), and 4. Q to R 5 checkmate.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

HOT-BED AND COLD-FRAME PLANTS.

As the time is near, if we have an early spring, for the making of hot-beds, a few hints may be quite seasonable.

There are many farmers throughout the country desirous of having early vegetables, but, for want of attention or experience, never make a hot-bed. Sometimes they get early cabbage and other plants from long distances, at large expense, which are often injured by being too long out of the ground, want of care in packing, or carriage. Why can not one person in every neighborhood grow hot-bed plants? Now in many localities they are not grown. The farmer is apt to think that he wants so few for his own kitchen-garden that it is less troublesome, and cheaper, to buy than grow them; and this being a prevailing opinion in districts where general farming is pursued, the growing of early plants is thought to be nobody's business except that of a gardener, and is, therefore, much neglected.

Cold-frame plants are a month earlier than those of the hot-bed, if properly cared for during winter. They are not injured by being frozen; but great care must be taken to protect them from frequent freezings and thawings. They must not be exposed to a hot sun in wintry weather. They are, therefore, protected, not from frost, but the sun, by shutters without glass. Should the winter be mild the shutters are often removed to prevent *damping off.* Such plants are very hardy, and well able to withstand severe weather after being "put out." Some seasons they sell readily at a dollar a hundred. Cabbages can be sold from them at so early a date that they pay a large profit. Cauliflower-plants grown in cold-frames will be so advanced when put out in place as to head without suffering much in hot weather.

Rhubarb seed sown in cold-frames in the fall will produce plants better able to withstand the sun's heat in summer than if grown in the spring. The cabbage-plants for cold-frames are grown in late summer, and when about three or four inches high are transplanted into them.

Those who are not thus supplied must look to hot-beds. It is usual for this purpose, in late summer or fall, to gather soil of good quality intended to be used in the spring, when the frost is in the ground, which would hinder surface soil of being gathered when wanted for use. There are three advantages in having it in a heap in the right place: first, the freezings and thawings of winter sweeten and improve its quality; second, it is on hand when making the hot-bed; third, when the frozen crust of the heap is penetrated good soil is found in the centre, free from excess of water, ready for use, which could not be taken from a field, however good its quality, because, after having dug below the frost, soil of less value will be found not fit for a hot-bed.

Sufficient horse manure should be gathered in time. If the horses are fed on concentrated food mix with it portions of the bedding. It is well to add spent tan to the mass when using it, thus keeping the bed longer in heat.

Frames are of such simple construction that it is hardly necessary to describe them in detail. Those of the double board kind, filled with saw-dust, chaff, or spent tan, are sometimes used, as being the best to prevent plants from sudden changes of temperature. Single boarded frames will be sufficient if manure is well piled at the sides. They should be so made that the sashes will slide readily on and off; which are not constructed window-like, but with pieces of wood running from end to end, and grooved so that the panes of glass may lap slightly one over the other. The lower edge of the glass should not be cut straight, as drops of water would form along it, and they act as lenses to the sun's heat, thus injuring the plants beneath the glass.

It is very slovenly to use refuse straw, salt hay, or other rubbish to cover beds. In putting such material on or off the sashes it will be scattered all about, and among the plants, greatly to their injury. The *Southern Farmer* says: "Should high winds and very sharp frost set in, protect your beds with straw or moss; and, if a cold northwest wind, make a small screen of corn stalks, Russia mats, or old grass bags; or an old carpet should be kept to cover the sashes with in case of hail, snow, or very cold weather. Should these not be convenient, use straw, hay, or moss."

In our practice we found no other covering to answer so good a purpose as the mats used by German gardeners. A frame of the required size for the mat is made, and nails are driven into the upper board, within a couple of inches of the lower margin, and a like number into the lower board, within the same distance of the upper margin, and at points equidistant from each other. Four nails in each board are usually sufficient. A piece of strong twine is fastened to the upper nail and continued to the lower one opposite, and made fast to it; then twice the length of the distance between the upper and lower board is measured and wound on a short piece of stick with a slit in one end, in which the twine is caught to prevent it from being unwound. The other nails are treated in like manner. A heap of straw, with stubble ends together, is now placed on each side of the frame, and two men, one on each side, take a small handful, laying it over the lower nails so as to lap, the stubble ends projecting a little beyond the frame. The straw is looped in by the twine; and this operation is so continued until the mat is made. The sides should then be trimmed with a sharp knife even with the side boards of the frame. Such a mat can be rolled up snugly, and stood on its end when not in use. Two men can make six or seven mats, five feet wide by six feet long, in a day.

A southeastern aspect is the best.

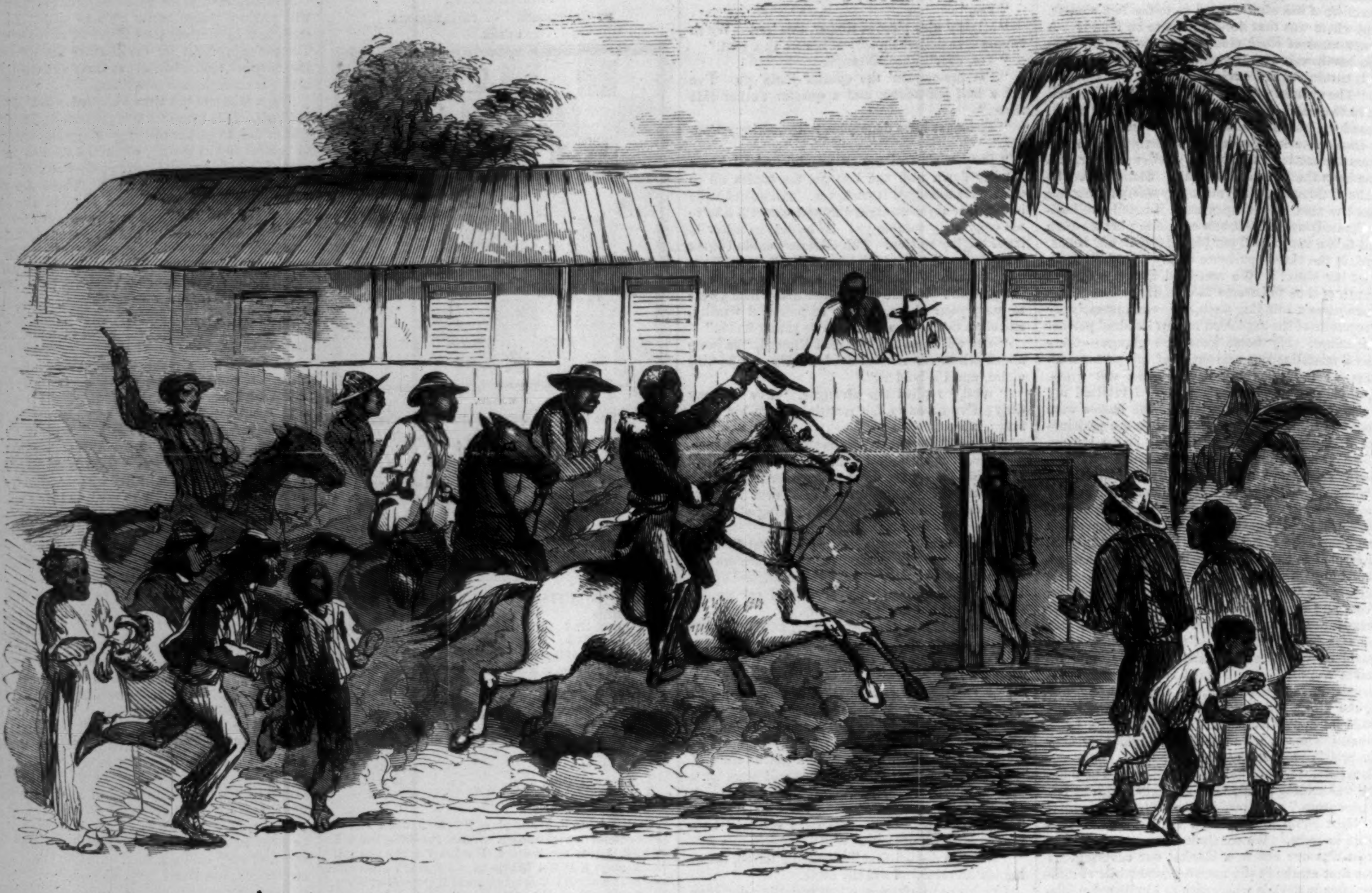
Let the frame be laid on the ground where the hot-bed is intended to be made; mark around it, remove the frame, and dig out the soil to a depth of eighteen inches; then fill in the prepared manure to a height of 1½ or 2 feet above the original level of the soil; let it project on all sides, so that when the frame is laid on, manure may be piled up the outside sloping toward the board. This protection will prevent cold draughts of air between it and the frame, and the plants of receiving any shock from sudden changes of temperature. This is especially true if the single boarded frames are used. The others are made of double boards, with some porous material intervening, simply because confined air is the best nonconductor of heat.

When the frame is laid on the manure, let more of the latter be filled in, leaving a space between it and the sashes of half a foot or more. Now the sashes may be put on and time given for the manure to settle and heat, when they may be removed and six or seven inches of soil placed on the manure, so as to be level. The beds may again be covered with sashes and mats, and so left till the soil is heated. The sudden change of temperature thus caused will kill any insects in the soil. When steaming ceases the beds are ready for the seeds, which may be hand shaken and covered by soil sifted, or sown broadcast over the surface.

A thermometer placed inside the deepest board of the frame will be useful, especially to a person unaccustomed to the growing of hot-bed plants.

Watch the young plants carefully; their health may be known by the color. Give them all the air they can withstand without injury. Beware of frost; one cold night, if the beds are unprotected by the mats, is all-sufficient to destroy the plants. Water them when they require it from the *rose* of a pot with very small apertures, close together, so that the water may fall gently, like a mist on their tender leaves. If it be very cold, make it the right heat by adding hot water. In mild weather watering may be done toward sundown, but a little earlier in cold weather. Thin out plants if there are too many in the bed, to prevent *spindling.*

If they grow too near the glass elevate the frame a little.



ENTRY OF GENERAL GEFFRARD INTO PORT-AU-PRINCE.

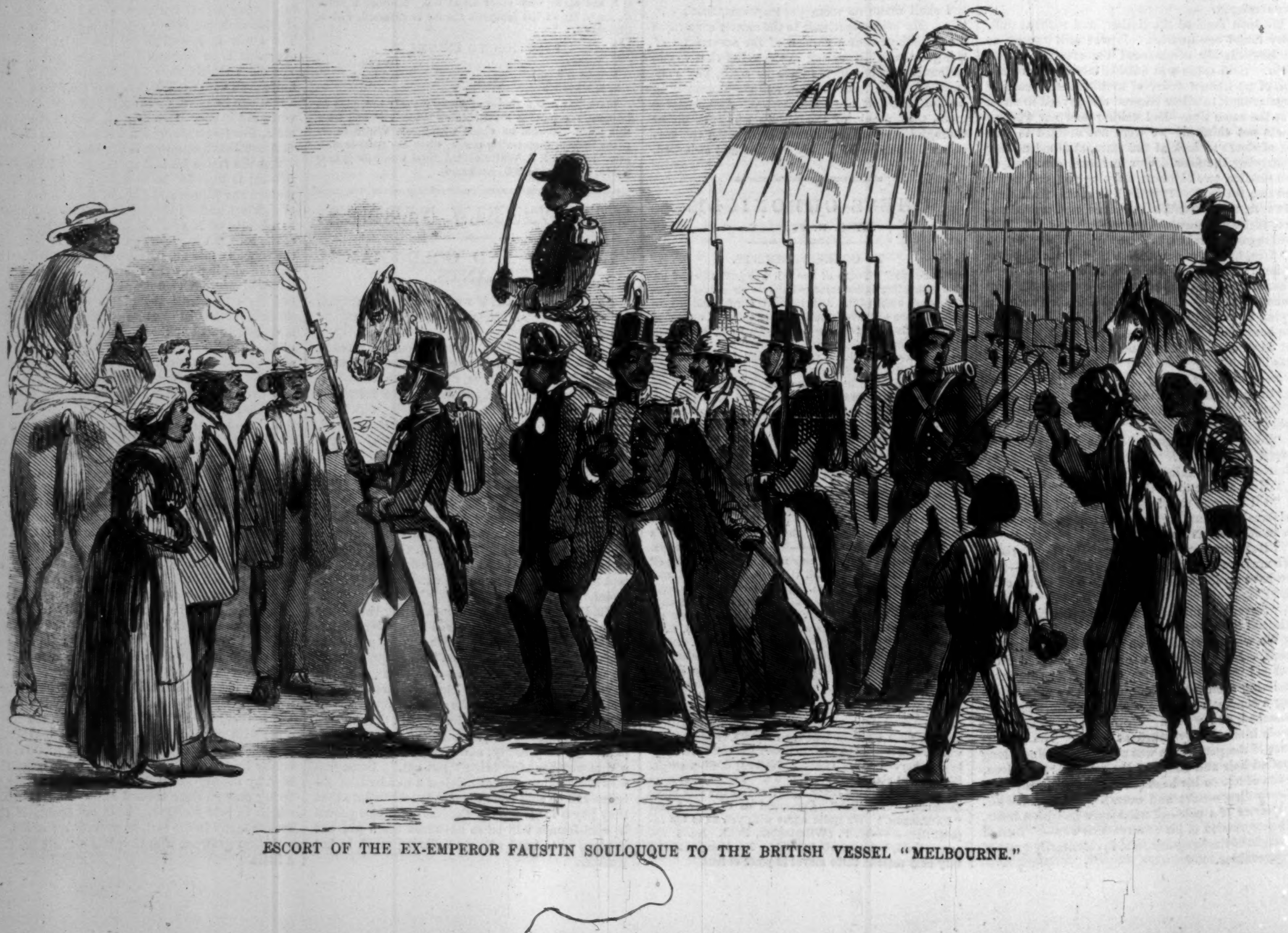
THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

WE engrave herewith two of the principal scenes in the late Haytian drama which has ended in the expulsion of the negro emperor Faustin Soulouque, and the establishment at Port-au-Prince of a negro republic, with General Geffrard as President. We gave the facts in our last number.

Faustin Soulouque, a negro, whose first step in life had been an appointment as valet to a negro officer, was, it will be remembered, elected President of the Haytian Republic in that year of revolutions, 1848. For half a century previous the island had known no peace. Wars—incessant, bloody, exhaustive, merciless wars—had desolated Hayti from the day when the French proclaimed the emancipation of the blacks. A long series of negro rulers, sometimes called Presidents and sometimes Emperors, had wielded an authority which, for the time it lasted, was generally absolute, and often tyrannical and ferocious. Each in his turn had been subverted and put out of the way by some bolder or newer aspirant to power. In the course of these never-ending contests the island had been dismembered; the eastern end—Dominica—which is more Spanish than French, had separated from the western end (Hayti), and had organized a separate government under a republican form. Both ends were shockingly misgoverned; the people were disorderly, agriculture was neglected, the laws derided, property and life continually menaced.

It was under these circumstances that Faustin Soulouque, a soldier of fortune, was elected President of Hayti.

It appears that, notwithstanding the crimes of Soulouque's later administration, his earlier policy was creditable to him and beneficial to his country. He proceeded with considerable vigor and skill to restore order to the finances, and to enforce the laws. He put down several revolutionary movements with a strong hand. He forbore to carry out the traditional policy of his party, and made peace with Dominica. A few months of this wise course, however, exhausted his stock of virtue. In 1850 he followed the example of his predecessors and overturned the Constitution, proclaiming himself Emperor; and a couple of years afterward he had himself solemnly crowned by the Roman Catholic Primate of the island. The ceremonial was most faithfully copied from that which was observed on the occasion of the coronation of the elder Napoleon; not a functionary was wanting, though, of course, with the exception of a few visitors, all the personages were negroes. The farce concluded with the appointment of a large array of noblemen, dukes, baron, marquises, etc., among whom the Marquis de la Marmalade and the Duke de Limonade have achieved general notoriety.



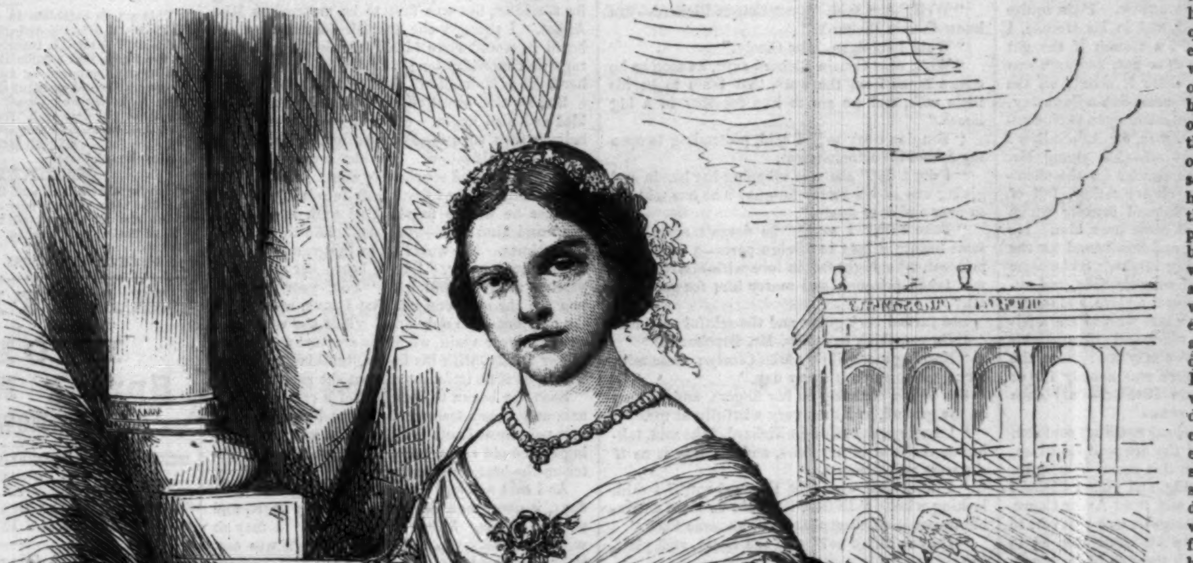
ESCORT OF THE EX-EMPEROR FAUSTIN SOULOUQUE TO THE BRITISH VESSEL "MELBOURNE."

In 1855 Hayti once more declared war against Dominica, and Soulouque led 30,000 into the field. What the real cause of the inglorious issue of the campaign was, we have yet to learn; certain it is that, before a blow was struck, Soulouque and his men ran away. The Emperor himself was lost for a time, and when he turned up, at his capital, dirty, torn, and much worried in mind, his officers were actually engaged in casting about for a successor. It seems likely that the event hardened Soulouque's naturally tough heart. He became unusually suspicious, tyrannical, blood-thirsty. The stories of his later reign bear a striking resemblance to the historical accounts of the later Cæsars. Rebellion after rebellion broke out; but such was the energy of the Emperor, and such the power he wielded through the agency of a secret idolatrous society, which was believed by the negroes to have endowed him with supernatural authority, that until last month he was always victorious in these civil commotions. His punishments on these occasions were unsparing. Death was the invariable penalty of treason; banishment of suspected loyalty. Jamaica teems with negroes who have been exiled from Hayti, or who fled to escape the cruelty of the Emperor Faustin.

At length, on 22d December, General Geffrard, a colored man, but a person, it is said, of liberal sentiments and considerable intelligence, proclaimed at Gonaives the restoration of the Republic. Corresponding movements were made in the south, and a large army was quickly collected, which marched on the capital. Soulouque vainly endeavored to rally his forces. It was evident that they were prepared to desert at the first opportunity, and in despair he fled to Port-au-Prince. General Geffrard followed. Soulouque hastened to abdicate, and the Republic was proclaimed.

Our first illustration represents General Geffrard's entry into Port-au-Prince early in the morning of 15th January. The second gives a view of Soulouque's departure from his palace, prior to his embarkation on board the British ship of war *Melbourne*. He is surrounded by Geffrard's guards, who experience some difficulty in saving him from the hands of the populace.

The overthrow of the barbarous empire of Hayti can not but be viewed as a happy sign. No island of the West Indies, without excepting Cuba, presents such opportunities of prosperity as St. Domingo. In the hands of industrious and prudent holders it would soon be as rich as Cuba itself. Let us hope that now there is a prospect of better days for it, and that the republicans who have overthrown Soulouque will redeem their race and their nation from the disgrace which almost perpetual bloodshed and disorder have brought on them. Many persons deny that negroes are capable of maintaining an organized free government; Soulouque's régime confirmed this belief. We shall now see whether Geffrard and his friends will controvert or corroborate it.



THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE MARIA TERESA OF SAVOY, PRINCE NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

WE give herewith a reliable portrait of the Princess of Savoy, who has just married Prince Napoleon. The portrait is from a photograph taken a few weeks ago.

The lady's name is Clotilde Maria Teresa of Savoy. She was born on 2d March, 1843, and is consequently just sixteen, and a very pretty girl. Of course, so young a person, however distinguished by birth, can have but little history as yet. It is said that she is very sweet-tempered and amiable, though extremely bigoted in her religious views. It is also said that her aversion to her future husband was such that her father had to beat her with a stick to make her consent; but this we may be permitted to doubt, in common deference to humanity. One writer says of her:

> "Imagine a girl with golden-brown hair, and a skin of pearly whiteness, just dawning into womanhood; a form already full and round, a figure of commanding aspect. Then the expression of the Princess's face is tenderly intellectual."

Another, the correspondent of the London *Times*, saw her at the opera with her future husband, on the occasion of the state visit of the King and the nuptial party to the theatre at Turin. He writes:

> "I can not indorse the statement of the *Opinione* that the Princess was brilliant with beauty. She is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which, I am assured, is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather *petite* and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin. Her bearing was graceful and free from any sort of embarrassment, although her position last night, as the focus of the public gaze, must have been a little trying to a young lady not yet sixteen. I saw many eyes turned upon her with an expression of almost mournful interest. She is looked upon by every body here as the victim of political considerations. Doubtless the gentle little Piedmontese Princess will be made much of in Paris, and I am sure she will bear hence the general wish of all her father's subjects that, whatever the political results of the alliance, they may not prove to have been purchased by the sacrifice of her happiness."

The correspondent of the *Herald* says that, at the state banquet previous to the marriage little Clotilde was in great spirits, and conversed very lovingly with her affianced.

The marriage took place on 30th January. The newly married couple left the same evening for Genoa. On the 31st a ball was to be given them at that place, and on the following day they were to leave for France.

The following Paris story about the *corbeille* of the Princess will be read with interest by our lady friends:

> "Paris is astir in anticipation of the *corbeille*, the design of which is already exhibited; the sides are supported by Cupids in the Louis Quinze style, holding small medallions in Sevres porcelain, upon which are to be painted the portraits of the divers members of the Imperial family of France. The shawl and dress of point d'Alençon, manufactured for the Great Exposition of 1855, and bought by the Prince, are to be deposited within, as well as the diamonds once belonging to the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, which, during the Imperial *régime* of the first Napoleon, were considered the finest in point of brilliancy, and what the French jewelers denominate 'series,' being wholly of one size, shape, and water. These diamonds, which were stolen in 1815, remained for a long time lost to the family. After the departure of the Bonaparte family from Paris at that time, in consequence of the publicity given to the theft of the diamonds in the hurried arrangement of parting, an anonymous letter was received by the custodian of the Garde Meuble of the Crown, in which the writer declared his reasons for believing the diamonds to have been thrown over the Pont Royal by one of the servants belonging to the household of the Princess, who had secreted them in greediness of gain, but who had failed in his endeavor to hide them among his own luggage. In consequence of this communication, the river was dragged in every sense, new inventions for accomplishing the work being largely paid for by Louis Dix-huit, who would have dearly loved to have recovered the diamonds, which had been collected from almost every princely house in Europe, and where shine those which were once so celebrated in the north as having formed the clasp to the *aigrette* which adorned the cap worn by Queen Christina, of Sweden; but, after the most persevering efforts, the task was abandoned as hopeless, and it began to be imagined that the letter had been written with the view of hoaxing the authorities, and of arresting pursuit until the thieves had got clear out of the country. Such must have been the case, in a great measure, for many of the jewels were bought back by the family at Venice, and some at Genoa, at long intervals of time; and it was only when dredging the river for the construction of the works on the Seine, a few years ago, that the ornament worn at the back of the head was in reality fished up, among other things which had been stolen from the Tuileries at the same time. This last discovery completed the set, which is now entire, save the waist-buckle, still missing, but which Prince Napoleon has never given up as wholly lost, and which Prince Soltikoff declares to have been twice offered to him for sale, once at Moscow and once at Florence, but which he had declined to purchase."

MISS CICELY'S PORTRAIT.

I do believe, said Mr. Dipchurch, the steward of the Grange, while doing the honors of the picture-gallery, there never came down upon God's earth a sweeter angel than that little child with her arms about the dog's neck. She was the joy of the house; and if you were ever so low-hearted, the sight of her bright face, as she danced round the lawn or tripped down the passage, was as good a cure as a sorrowing man could desire—better, a deal, than can be found at the bottom of a tankard. I declare there was music in her merry laugh, fine music as was ever played; and a little speech of hers made heavy work come very light. Every one was glad to have her at his knee, to hear her pretty talk and prattle; and she had such coaxing ways, there was no refusing her any thing. She would come to me with, "Dear, good Mr. Dipchurch" (I was under-steward then, and had charge of the bread-room), "dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, I want a very very big loaf for the poor woman at the gate." And though squire would not have been overpleased, as he said it encouraged rogues and trampers (which I believe it did), yet I could not resist her little ways; and she would go off with her large loaf in her arms down the avenue. She had such delight in doing of good works, that she might have been a little Sister of Charity; and I believe most of the pocket-money the squire took delight in giving her she gave away to the poor people about, always getting some one to take her out. It was a pretty sight to see her going on these walks, in her straw hat and blue cloak, her little basket on her arm, and the pet dog following on behind. Pincher was the name of the dog—a sheep-faced, blinking, yellow-haired, long-backed creature, who was good for nothing but lying in the sun all day, and eating at all times. No one cared particularly for him; and he would have been sent away long since (shaming the house as he did), but that he was Miss Cicely's dog. One day he came panting up the avenue with his tongue hanging out and his fore-paw broken by a stone, flying from some cruel boys of the village who had been hunting him. At the door he fell over on his side, and lay there quite spent and exhausted. It was Miss Cicely who, chancing to come out upon the steps, took him up in her arms, cried over him, and tied up the broken paw with her own little hands. The squire was for having him shot at once, to put the poor brute out of pain; but Miss Cicely begged so hard that they would only try—just try and save his life, that he was brought in and taken all care of, and soon after was going about quite sleek and fat. From that time out he was Miss Cicely's own dog, going with her every where; and very often I have seen her as you see her in that picture, sitting on the terrace, dressing his yellow neck with flowers, making frills for his sheep's face: he blinking his round eyes lazily, and letting her do much as she pleased with him. For she was a pleasant child.

Some way I could never take much to her cousin Lady Alice, and I believe nobody about the place ever did. I fancy that same ladyship to her name went a good deal toward turning her head; for she was always talking of her family, and what a great lady her mother had been—one Donna Maria, as she told us. Which was like to be true enough, as her father was a proud man, and was said to have married a prouder lady over in Spain. He was all this time away at the wars, fighting the French, and for four or five years his daughter was left at the Grange, and brought up with Miss Cicely. It used to make us laugh sometimes to see her little airs, and the way she would walk up and down in her black lace, a red rose fixed in the side of her hair, with a fan, in the broad daylight, as she told us the Spanish dames always did. This was droll enough; but there were other points about her that came, no doubt, of that same Spanish blood, which we servants were not long in finding out. If we were long in attending to her when she called, or if she were crossed in getting what she wanted, she would toss back her head, and beat her little hands with her fan, and stamp her foot—looking so wicked all the time. The squire used to laugh at these fits, and, I believe, encouraged them unknown to himself, giving her her way in every thing; but the old people would shake their heads, and prophesy that such a temper would never bring her to good. Miss Cicely, curious enough, loved her very much, doing any thing to please her, and giving in to all her perverse ways, which the Lady Alice took easily enough, as if she were a young queen, and such things were only her right. But what I fancied least in her was the dislike she had to the poor limping dog—wondering how any one could take up with such a low-born cur. Often, very often, I have seen her exactly as in that picture before you, standing behind and looking down with a sort of contempt on Miss Cicely and her dog Pincher. It is a mystery to me up to this day how she ever came by the odd notions she had. I suppose she took them from her mother's country, where I've heard that they are women full-grown at sixteen years old. Once, indeed, when Miss Cicely was taken very bad with some sickness (a sickness that came only once more in her little life, and took the sweet child away along with it); once, I say, when she was lying ill, and every body going about with blank faces and a dead weight on their breasts, I think Lady Alice took it to heart. I saw her at the end of the long gallery, when she thought no one could see her, crying bitterly.

I think she would have died sooner than let any one see her cry, and I recollect she had picked up some story out of the old history books about a boy who had a stolen fox under his cloak, and let it eat into his flesh rather than cry out—which, she said, was a fine thing, a noble thing, of the boy. Heathenism I thought it, and what you might expect from unchristian people. But the way the poor dumb brute Pincher took on and grieved was enough to shame Christian men with souls. To see him—that we had taken for a lazy, sleeping creature, with no thought but for his meals—moping, and searching, and turning up his long face to every body, whining dismally in corners, and refusing his food, would have touched a heart of stone, and made me heartily repent having so misjudged the poor animal.

There was much jubilee, you may be sure, when Miss Cicely got over that attack. Poor squire had nearly gone distracted, and in his trouble, I do believe, vowed to build a church if she got well. Whether this was so or not, a church was begun immediately, and there it stands on the southern half of the estate, some five miles away. It might be a year after that, coming on to November—it was hard by November, for All-Hallow's Eve was only a few days off—that young Mr. Richard came down to the Grange for the shooting. A fine, bold-spoken, cheery fellow, full of life and spirits, with an off-hand manner which took with every body that came near him. He was full of dash and spirit, and was bound for the great French wars then being fought. So he came down and shot and ranged over the fells, and every keeper and follower about the place, and squire himself, thought they never met with so fine a fellow. As I said, he was so ready and off-hand with the men, and in-doors, as you may well guess, the two little girls thought there was nobody far or near to match with Cousin Richard—only each liked him in a way of her own.

It was pleasant when the long evenings came on, and the lamp lighted, and the fire well raked up, and they were all sitting in this room—the squire weary with his day's hunting, and young Richard having ridden perhaps to and from Arbor Court, where he was fond of visiting—it was pleasant to see how he would draw up his chair and set to work amusing himself with the two little things. He would have them one on each side of him, and very often Miss Cicely, his pet, upon his knee; and there she would laugh and chatter, and ask questions the whole evening. It was enough to make one laugh to see Alice's airs, and the way she tried him with her dignity and stately looks, all to let him know what a great lady she was. Then she would dress herself up in all manner of queer ways, and come in and walk up and down, with her head back, trying to attract Cousin Richard's attention, of which he would purposely take no heed, but talk and laugh with the little creature on his knee, telling her that he loved simplicity, and to be always simple and natural. Until the other, having flaunted to no purpose, would be ready to sit down in a corner and cry. Not that she would think of doing such a thing. She would not give him that satisfaction, but would sit and sulk the whole evening. Then he would speak to her with a kind of mock respect, calling her the grand Spanish lady, the Donna, the dark-haired Donna who had a right to queen it there on account of her high blood. "Poor little Cicely," he would say, "you have no blue blood in your veins."

Blue blood! that was his word, on which she would stamp her foot and fire up, saying, she had a great Don in Spain for her uncle, who had a long, long sword, and would protect her and kill any one that insulted one of his family. At which terrible threat Mr. Richard would nearly drop from off his chair with laughter, and the squire would lift his eyes from his newspaper and laugh, too; and then she would step away out of the room, looking round on them all very wickedly. Then Miss Cicely, with tears in her eyes and putting up her hands, would beg and pray of Cousin Richard not to be so very cruel to Cousin Alice; and it would all end in Mr. Richard's going out and bringing her back with much difficulty, finding her outside the long corridor like a scared deer. She would tell him that she hated him.

Pretty much the same scene used to go forward every night, but the fact was, that for all her pettishness and talk of hating him, she was very fond of Mr. Richard. Whenever he would pretend to be angered at some of her saucy speeches, and not speak to her for a time, I could see she got troubled, and tried all manner of little tricks to bring him round again without bringing down her pride. Once, when she had marched herself out of the room into the corridor, Miss Cicely came running out after her (I was just then coming up stairs, and so I heard it all), and putting her arms round her, said:

"Come back, darling, do. Cousin Richard didn't mean what he said—I know he doesn't. He told me so the other day. I'll run and tell him, and make him promise not to do it any more."

Well, I declare, I saw her push the sweet child from her, firing up as if she had been a woman of twenty,

"Don't speak to me in that way," she said. "I don't want your help, you poor child. I can do without it." Here came a little scornful laugh. "I dare say Cousin Richard loves me, though he doesn't set me on his knee and pet me like a baby."

With that she flounced away, leaving poor Miss Cicely standing there, with her head hanging down, and looking after her quite scared.

Would you think it? The proud little lady was jealous. It was queer, the notion of such a thing in one so young; but so it actually was, as I afterward came to find out.

Poor Miss Cicely was sadly distressed at finding her so cold, and could not make out what was at the bottom of it; however, they were soon friends again. Meantime, Mr. Richard staid on over a month, until his time grew very near, riding over every day to Arbor Court for reasons of his own. One day came down to us, as usual, Miss Cicely, to ask for her loaf, "And," said she, as soon as she came in, "dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, when I have my own large, big house, I shall have plenty of bread to give away, and you shall take care of it, and have a great room to yourself."

"I thank you, Miss Cicely," I said; "but I fancy we shall have to wait a few years before we get into the big house."

"Not so very, very long, Mr. Dipchurch," she said, putting back her yellow curls, with one of her roguish looks, "not so very long—"

"Pretty well, I think," I said. "Say ten years, at the least."

"Listen, good Mr. Dipchurch. I have such a great little secret; oh! such a wonderful secret," she said, opening her little eyes; "but you won't tell any one?"

"Trust me, Miss Cicely, for that."

"Well," she said, "dear Cousin Richard—you know Cousin Richard?"

"Well, I think so, Miss Cicely."

"Well, dear Cousin Richard says, as soon as he comes home from the wars, that I am to be his little wife, and we are to live together in a big house."

"You don't say so!" I said, pretending to open my eyes with astonishment.

"I do, I do!" she was clapping her hands and giving one of her merry laughs; "he has told me so over and over again."

"Take care," I said, "he doesn't meet with some beautiful lady in foreign parts—a handsome princess, who might fall in love with him when he was taken prisoner, and marry him for good and all."

She turned very grave and thoughtful on this.

"Do you think so really, Mr. Dipchurch?"

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely; these military gentlemen do it every day."

She began counting on her fingers, and looking on the ground, and then very wistfully at me.

"I must speak to Cousin Richard," she said, taking up the hem of her skirt, and plaiting it as if she were going to sew.

"I think that would be the best way," I said, looking wise. "In fact, it would be more desirable to put it off altogether until he came back."

"Do you think so?" said she again, still plaiting.

"Well," I said, "it's purely a matter of convenience, but I think it would be better. Then there's your cousin, Lady Alice, I fancy he has promised her, too."

"Oh no!" said Miss Cicely; "Cousin Richard would not do that."

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely," I said.

She seemed wonderfully confounded at this notion, and fell to thinking it over and over. Then, putting her hands to her little head, she called out suddenly:

"Oh! dear Mr. Dipchurch! such a strange pain in my head! such an odd feel!"

I was frightened a bit at what she said, for you don't hear of children of her age complaining of such things, and it was in that way what she had before began. At that moment came by her Spanish cousin, looking stately, as usual. Miss Cicely runs out and stops her, putting her arms about her.

"Darling cousin," she says, "good Mr. Dipchurch tells me that Cousin Richard has promised to make you his little wife when you grow up and the wars are over—"

"And if he has?" says the Donna, looking very wickedly at her; "hasn't he the right?"

"Only," says Miss Cicely, very gently, "I thought I was to be his little wife."

"You!" says Lady Alice; "you! you little, little child! What, you a wife for Cousin Richard!"

"I know it," says Miss Cicely, hanging down her head; "but I thought when I grew to be tall—but you are much more beautiful!"

The Spanish Donna laughed scornfully.

"Did Cousin Richard promise you?"

"I thought so."

"Good!" says Lady Alice, getting into one of her fits; "you are a wicked, deceitful girl—don't dare to speak to me again."

She flounced away in a fury, and all the rest of that day Miss Cicely was very silent and dejected, keeping much to herself, and talking a deal to her dog Pincher. Next morning, which was a fine frosty one, with the sun shining out, she came running to me before breakfast to tell me something.

"Oh, Mr. Dipchurch!" she cried, "I have made up my mind" (her little mind, sweet soul!). "I thought it over in bed last night, and I have made up my mind—"

"Tell me all about it, then, Miss Cicely," I said; "but, first, how is that little pain?"

"I had it a long time last night," she says, "but it is better this morning. I will give up Cousin Richard to Cousin Alice, and she shall be his little wife, and they will be very happy together. Don't you think so, good Mr. Dipchurch?"

As she said this the sweet angel looked at me so earnestly and sadly that I could have taken her up in my arms and cried heartily over her.

"Yes," she said, beginning again to plait the corner of her frock, "I think it will be all for the best. When Cousin Richard comes in for breakfast, I will go to him and tell him all, and that Cousin Alice is much more worthy of him."

That little pain of hers troubled me very much, and I determined to let squire know of it at once. Presently they all came in to breakfast. Squire, and Lady Alice looking haughtier than ever—all except Mr. Richard, who was out riding. Squire looked knowingly and laughed as he said he was gone over to Arbor Court—perhaps might come home to breakfast, perhaps might not—squire rather thought he would not, and looked knowingly again.

He did not come back then, but just as they had finished, Miss Cicely, who was at the window, called out that here was the postman on his pony, coming down the long avenue, and Cousin Richard riding beside him. Not long after I saw him in the oak corridor, with a great open letter in his hand, and looking very troubled.

"I must go to the wars at last, Dipchurch," he says, trying to be cheerful.

"Well, Sir," I said, "nothing like honor and glory; but I hope they have given you a long day?"

"Only ten days, Dipchurch," he says with a sigh, and went on muttering about a bubble to the cannon's mouth.

Then it all came out; Mr. Richard was engaged to be married to one of the young ladies over at Arbor Court, and now it was settled that they should hurry on the marriage before he went.

There was great bustle and excitement at The Grange that day. Every one about the place having the story that Mr. Richard was now going for a soldier, but was first to be married to Miss Abbot. I thought the Spanish donna, when she heard it, would have bitten her lip through with rage and mortification; but she only tossed back her head as if she didn't care, and said not a word.

But for that sweet child, Miss Cicely, my heart bled and bled again. She was so grieved, and I believe took on quite as much at the idea of her cousin's mortification. But she loved Mr. Richard so, and fretted so when he went. Not for that little notion she had first taken into her head, but because he was so free-hearted with her, and so good and kind that—but I don't like thinking of those times. She would sit on the grass as before, talking to her dog. I have heard her say, when passing softly behind her, "You, poor Pincher, you are the only one left that I love, after papa, the only one—the only one." This she would say over and over again, while the creature would look at her fondly, with his heavy, blinking eyes, and whine, as if he understood what she said.

Soon she began to complain of a certain weariness and heavy feeling about the head, and that first pain turned out (as I thought it was) the warning of the old sickness coming back again. Water-on-the-brain they called it.

As I said before, I don't like thinking over those days, it gives me a dead weight on my heart, and such a choking feeling in my throat. I may as well say at once that, before a fortnight was out, the little angel was taken gently up to heaven, where, added Mr. Dipchurch, huskily, it is my firm persuasion she is now and ever shall be world without end! From which happy country, it is also my firm belief, there never came a purer soul.

"And Pincher, the dog?"

He went about for some days in a restless sort of fashion, looking, I think, for his little mistress in all manner of places. I once met him coming along, in his old shambling way, through a place he never was known to be found in before: and squire met him there, too—burst out crying over him—crying as if his heart would break.

I had to go away, up to London, a little after that on business, and when I came home they told me that Pincher had been found one morning under a rose-tree, which Miss Cicely herself had planted. Lying there stretched out, his poor, white sheep's-face resting on a bed of moss which grew about the root of the tree.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb. 19, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, and prices have improved. The demand has been good from regular buyers and from speculators. Wheat has been in fair request, but the high rates claimed for desirable lots have checked operations. A moderate inquiry has prevailed for New Corn, which has been freely offered, and has favored buyers. Rye, Barley, and Oats have not varied much....A fair business has been transacted in Groceries, Naval Stores, Hides, Sole Leather, and Wool at our quotations....Cotton has attracted rather more attention, and closes more firmly ....Provisions have been freely dealt in, at, however, irregular prices.... Tobacco, Oils, Hay, Hemp, Hops, Seeds, Fish, and Candles have been quiet.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday exhibited increased activity and firmness for Beeves, Milch Cows, good Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and heavy Swine.

The Country Produce Markets have been well supplied during the week. The demand has been moderate. Eggs have declined. Other commodities have not varied much.

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